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*Shell Nature Studies*EDITED BY
JAMES FISHER

NO.

7

JULY Seascape

*Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder*

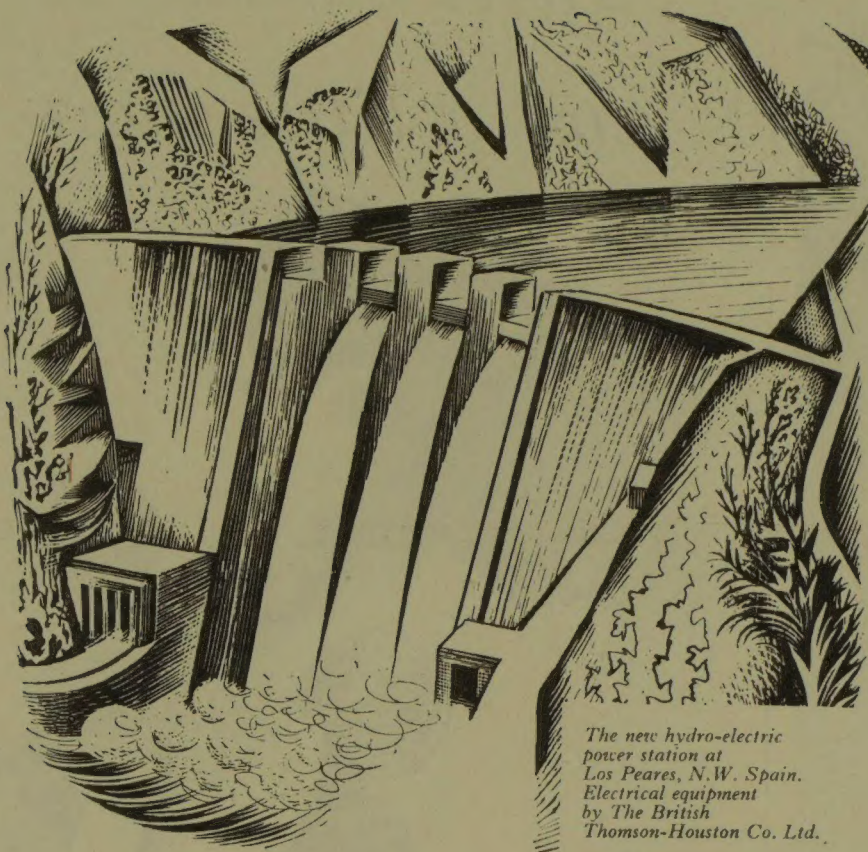
NORTH OR WEST OF THE HIGHLANDS lie steep islands where Atlantic-wandering sea-birds rear their young. Each kind has its special place on the cliff. Well-grown young cormorants (1) wander about the broad cliff-top ledge that houses their slummy nests, and urgently beg food from their returning parents. Guillemots (2) have young on flat, rocky ledges — young which, though not a fortnight old, will today flutter down on part-grown wings to complete their growth on the sea below. The main part of the gannet colony whitens the great rock-stack beyond, but a group of them (3) nests on the home-cliffs, on broad ledges above the guillemots: a pair's greeting is the "scissoring" display. Over half the North Atlantic's gannets nest in Scotland. Every ocean-facing high cliff in Scotland now has a colony of the increasing fulmar (4), the nearest thing to an albatross among our British nesting birds. Its egg is seven weeks hatching and its young are seven weeks fledging. Puffins (5) stand at the entrance to their nest-burrows in the turf, among the sea-pinks, and a colony of herring-gulls (6) laughs and cries on the green sloping overcliff. On a rock, a great black-back (7), the biggest of our gulls, snatcher of unguarded young, stands watching; and a raven (8), the other scavenger of the cliffs, patrols the air. A pair of peregrines (9), the swift falcons of the cliffs, seek prey. A kittiwake (10), most truly oceanic of the gulls, sails to its nest-place on some sheer face of the steepest cliff. In the rock-strewn sea below, grey seals (11) bathe and bask.



Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 6/6

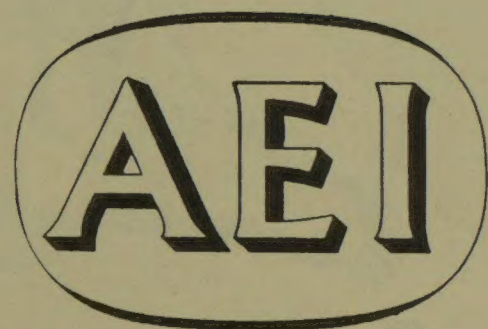
YOU CAN BE SURE OF

*The key to the Countryside*



The new hydro-electric power station at Los Peares, N.W. Spain. Electrical equipment by The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.

HIGH & LOW



At the coal face — a coal cutter, powered by a Metropolitan-Vickers flameproof motor.



eric fraser

Up in the hills of Los Peares is the biggest and most important of the power stations of Spain. Its electrical equipment was supplied by The British Thomson-Houston Company, one of the great partnership of British Companies which is Associated Electrical Industries Ltd.

Down in the mines of the world, electrical equipment made by another famous partner—Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company—is helping the miner's output. There are twelve famous Companies of A.E.I. Together, they make electrical equipment for the world.

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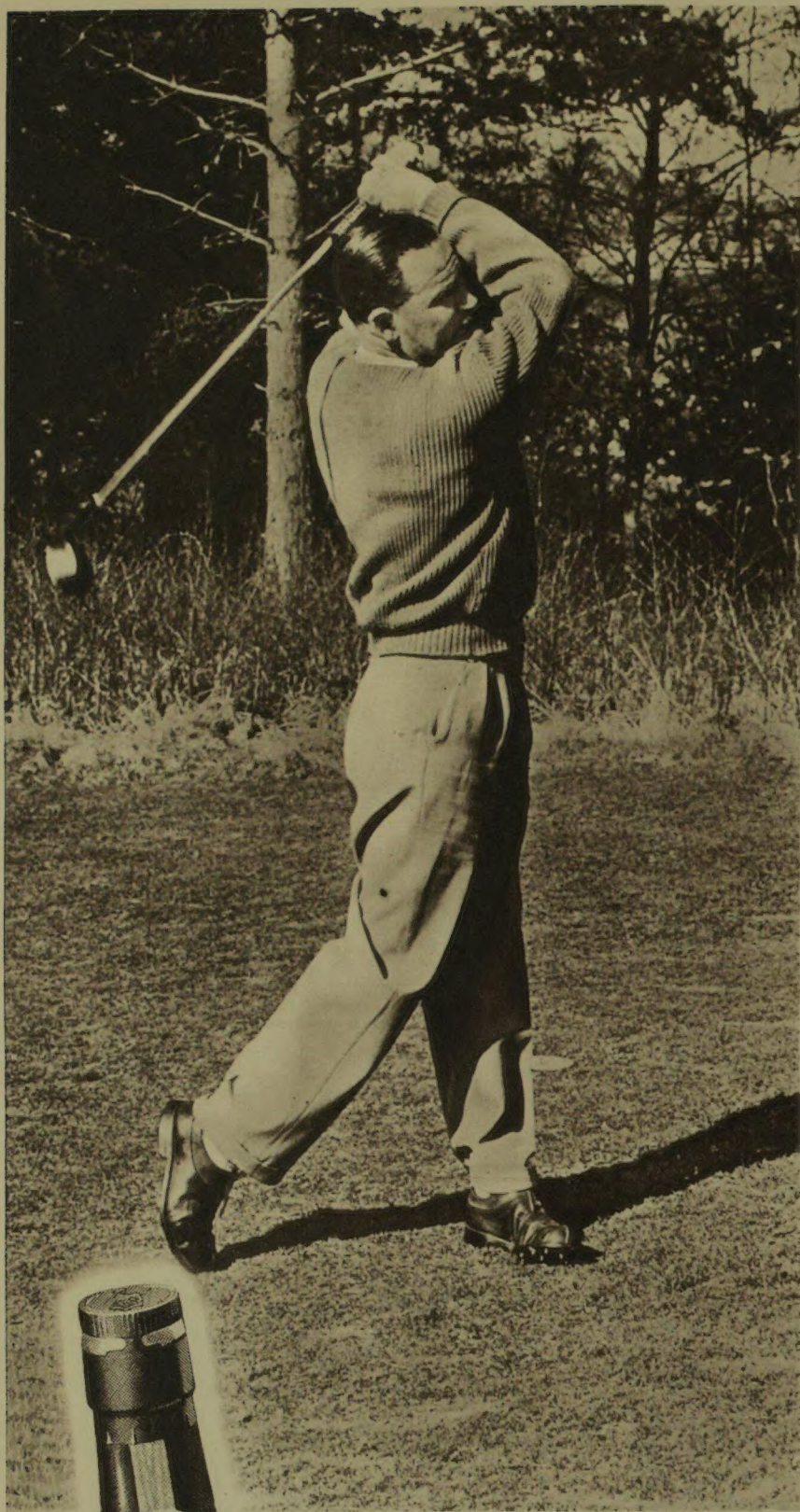
Sunvic Controls Ltd.

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Newton Victor Ltd.

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Australian General Electric Pty. Ltd.



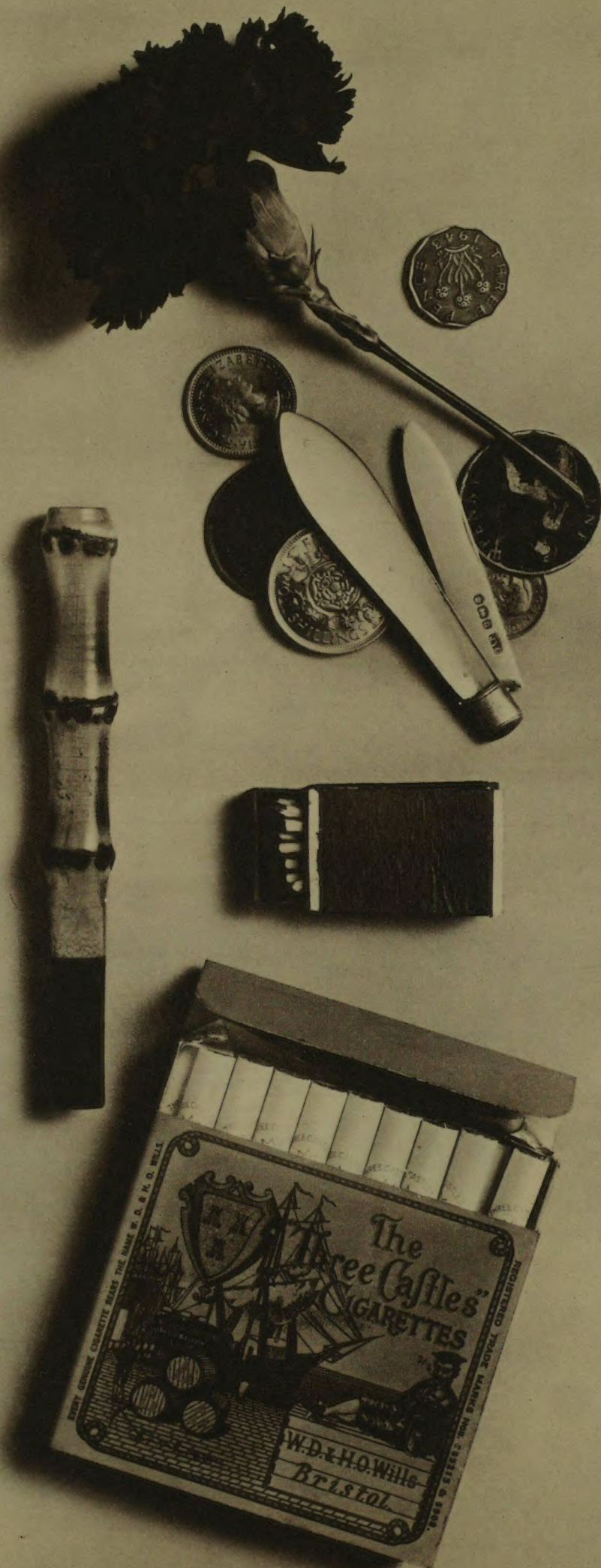
*The Spirit of
Sportsmanship*

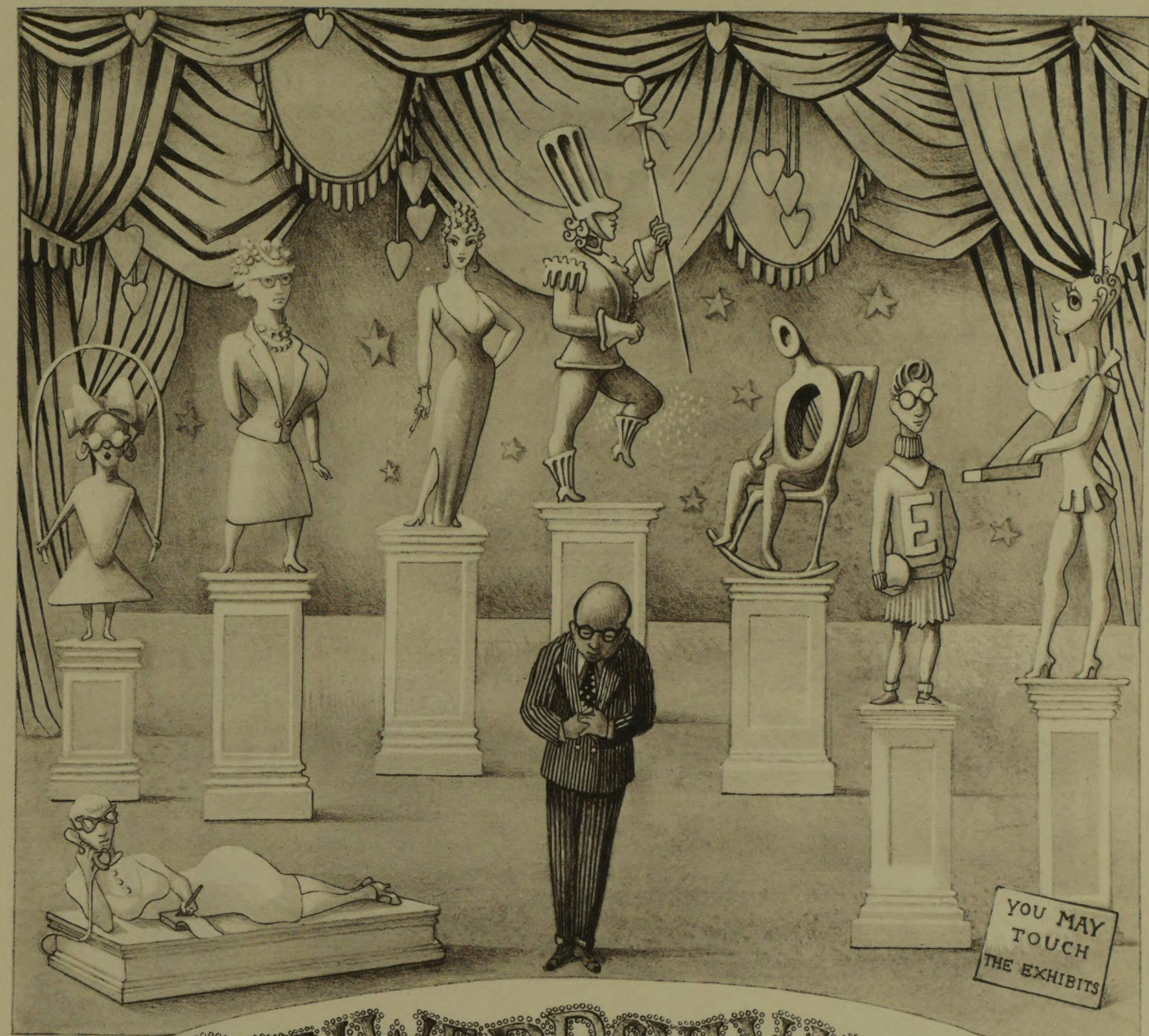


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SCHWEPPSYLVANIA

&

THE WOMAN FIGURE

Visitors to Schweppsylvania will notice the reverence there, more than anywhere, for the female, and the importance, to the Schweppsygian, of the woman-figure. Here we see, being important to the typical man,

the typical Girl Next Door-figure, the Woman He Married-figure, the Woman he Nearly Met-figure, the Campus-figure, the Mother-figure, the Girl at School-figure, the Girl he was Never Able to Speak to-figure, and His Friend's Secretary-figure.

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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Aintree Road Racing Circuit constructed by Tarmac Ltd. Surfaced with "ASPHALTIC GRITTITE"; fenced in parts by the Company's "VINCULUM" Concrete Fencing.

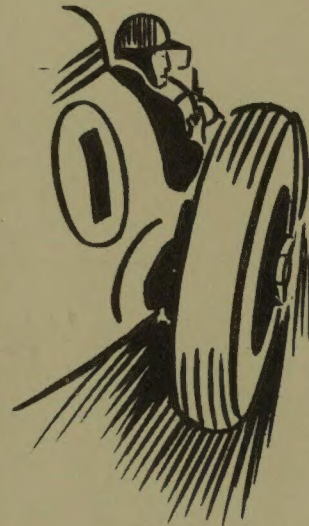
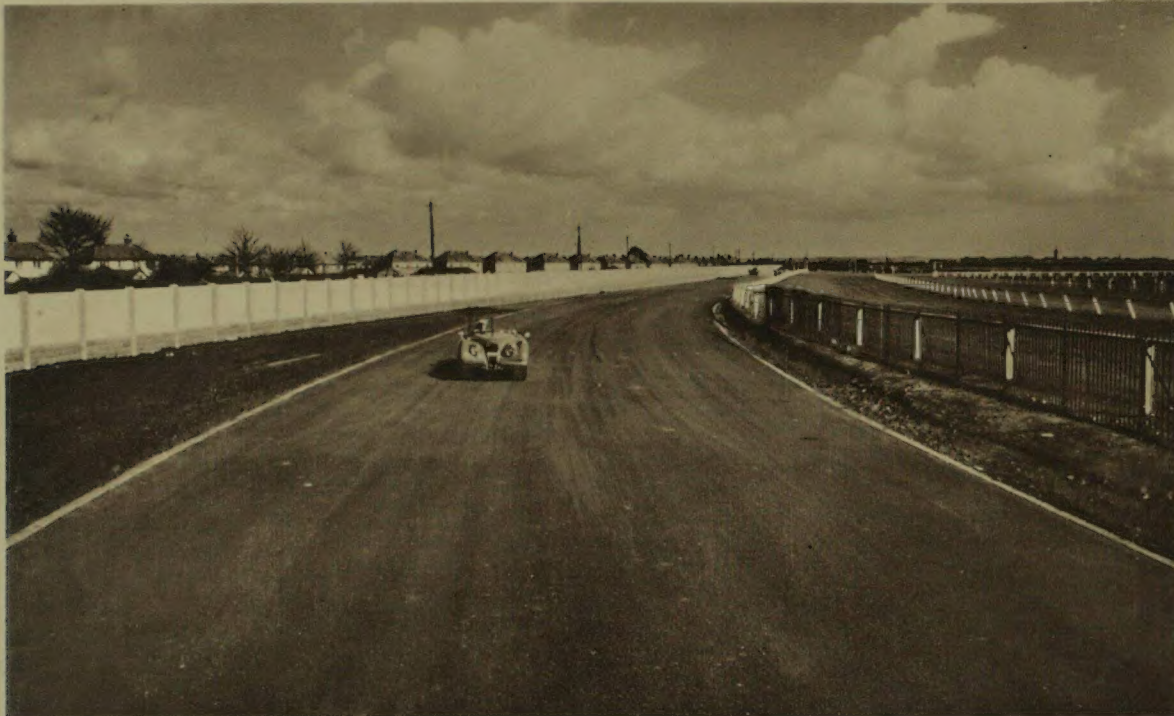
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AINTREE CAR CIRCUIT "ONE OF SAFEST"

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SURE TO RACE IN GRAND PRIX

By W. A. MCKENZIE,
Daily Telegraph Motoring Correspondent
Britain possesses the safest motor-racing circuit in Europe. This is the opinion of Herr Rudolf Uhlenhaut, the engineer responsible for the development of the Mercedes-Benz racing cars.

He spent an hour yesterday timing the three-mile road at Aintree, Liverpool, the venue of the Grand Prix.



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SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1955.



THE ROYAL WINNING OWNER'S SMILE AT ROYAL ASCOT: THE QUEEN WITH HER TRAINER, MR. NOEL MURLESS, AND PRINCESS MARGARET (CENTRE) AFTER JARDINIÈRE HAD WON THE KING GEORGE V. STAKES FOR HER MAJESTY.

The Royal Ascot Meeting, postponed from June on account of the railway strike, was held last week in brilliant summer weather; and was honoured by the presence of the Queen and other members of the Royal family. The meeting was only marred by the storm tragedy of July 14, the day when her Majesty was not present. This disaster is illustrated on other pages. Here we give a particularly happy moment at the Royal meeting on July 13. The Queen and Princess Margaret,

smiling youthful figures, are congratulating Mr. Noel Murless, her Majesty's trainer, after her *Jardinière* (*Sandjar-Snowberry*), which started favourite at 7 to 4, had won the King George V. Stakes, D. Smith up, by a length from Mr. Delman's *Moss Green*. The Queen Mother and the Princess Royal also entered the unsaddling enclosure, where this photograph was taken after the race. Other photographs of the Queen at Ascot appear on a later page of this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVERY year some anonymous well-wisher kindly sends me a copy of the Annual Report of the Pilgrim Trust. Its forty or fifty pages make wonderful reading. For they constitute a chronicle of acts which, in an age of revolutionary change and destruction, are helping to preserve for the England of the future some of the many noble and beautiful things which were created by the England of the past. I should not use the word "England," for the Trust exists just as much for the benefit of Scotland and Wales as of England; I should say, of course, Great Britain. Seldom, one feels, can one man have done more enduring service to this country than the late Mr. Edward Harkness by his splendid gift. He died in 1940, when there must have seemed some doubt whether the nation whose heritage he wished to help preserve would survive at all. But his earlier faith—for his gift was made in 1930—was justified by the event, and is being re-justified every year by the astonishing range and variety of national treasures saved and restored by those who administer, so wisely and ably, the Trust he founded.

The sum distributed in grants each year is somewhere between £100,000 and £150,000—a very small amount, of course, compared with the enormous sums which the nation's statutory authorities spend every year on public works. Yet it is astonishing how far that annual £120,000 or £130,000 can be made to go and how much good it is doing. During the past quarter of a century our cathedrals, churches, ancient schools, historic houses and buildings, works of scholarship, art and learning, music and drama, have all been helped by a steady and wisely-directed flow of money which could not have been obtained from any other source. It is as though a millionaire, with exquisite but catholic taste, a selfless love for his country and the secret of perpetual life, was travelling ceaselessly up and down the land seeking to do good of a permanent and visible kind by expending his entire income on such national artistic, historical, learned and social-welfare needs. And it is all the time the permanent cultural heritage of the nation that is being preserved and enriched—the heritage, that is, for which so little provision is made either by the public or by private individuals in the conditions of our present Welfare State. Since the foundation of the Trust in 1930 between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000 must have been spent in this splendid and munificent way.

To show the range of the Trust's work, I cannot do better than quote from its Annual Report for 1954. It begins almost by apologising that the only grants made to churches in the cathedral class during the past year—in the past decade the Trust must have given help to half the cathedrals in England—were "a second grant of £5000 to Gloucester Cathedral, a further gift of £500 . . . for the preservation of the precincts of Tewkesbury Abbey, and the payment of the usual annual instalment towards the reinstatement of the York Minster glass. . . . The Trust met the cost of repairing the roofs of Minster Abbey, near Ramsgate, the surviving eleventh- and twelfth-century buildings of which are now occupied by a community of Benedictine nuns. Amongst artistic treasures in churches restored with the Trustees' help were the famous monuments to the Fitton family in Gawsworth Church, Cheshire, wall-paintings in Preston Old Church, near Brighton, and iron-work by Bakewell in Foremark Church, Derbyshire. The Trustees' previous grant to the Central Council for the Care of Churches for allocation by that body in small sums for the repair of church treasures was renewed for a further period. . . . The second annual instalment of the grant of £100,000 over ten years to the Historic Churches Preservation Trust was duly paid. . . . Three notable churches in Wales (which are not at present covered by the activities of the Historic Churches Trust) received assistance from the Pilgrim Trust: the magnificent Gothic Parish Church of Mold, Flintshire; St. Mellon's, Cardiff; and St. Mary's, Haverfordwest. Grants were made for the preservation of two Scottish churches: St. Mary's, Edinburgh; and the ancient Carmelite Church at South Queensferry.

"The list of secular buildings preserved during the year is a long one. With the co-operation of the Dulverton Trust, the Trustees helped the National Trust to accept from Admiral the Hon. Sir Herbert Meade-Fetherstonhaugh the gift of Uppark, near Petersfield, the contents and

furnishing of which have remained little changed since the mid-eighteenth century. The National Trust for Scotland received a grant for the restoration of the old Royal Tennis Court at Falkland Palace. Amongst the other notable secular buildings of various kind which the Trustees helped to preserve are the College of Arms in Queen Victoria Street, London; the ruins of Beeston Castle, Cheshire; the Butterwalk, Dartmouth; Cumberland House, York; and Gainsborough Old Hall, Lincolnshire. Four schools occupying historic buildings were assisted in works of restoration or preservation falling outside their normal obligations as schools. The King's School, Canterbury, located in the precincts of Canterbury Cathedral, received a grant for the repair of two of the Norman buildings in its care. The Governors of Kimbolton School, Huntingdonshire, have recently purchased Kimbolton Castle from the Duke of Manchester. The castle contains extensive mural paintings by the Venetian artist Pellegrini, and the staircase in the courtyard has delicate iron balustrades attributed to Jean Tijou. The Trustees contributed towards the cost of the restoration of these works of art. At Gordonstoun School, Morayshire, there survives a curious circular stable building of almost unique type, known as the Round Square. The school are restoring this by stages and converting it internally for school purposes. The Trustees made a grant for the repair of the roof of the next section to be treated. They also paid for the cleaning and restoration of the historical portraits in the possession of the Grey Coat Hospital, Westminster."*

The mere recital of this astonishing list is a revelation of how much good can be done by the wise expenditure of a comparatively small sum: one wonders how the Trust could possibly have covered so much ground with the limited sum at its disposal. Nor is this the end of the list of buildings to whose preservation it has contributed in a single year, for it includes a number of windmills, and closes, as the Trust's Report puts it, "with a somewhat oddly-assorted miscellaneous group of ancient structures: the beautiful bridge spanning the River Wear below the rock on which stand the Cathedral and Castle of Durham, known as the Prebends' Bridge; a curious little medieval pigeon-house at Netherwood in Herefordshire; and the now ownerless tomb of Sir John Soane in a public garden in St. Pancras, London."

Yet this is only half the Trust's annual work and record of good. Almost

as much was spent by it in 1954 on Art and Learning and on Social Welfare as on the preservation of historic ecclesiastical and secular buildings. Grants were made to the Library of Salisbury Cathedral to make possible the repair of its wonderful collection of early printed books and manuscripts—they include one of the few surviving copies of Magna Carta and several ninth- and tenth-century volumes; to the National Trust of Scotland to help it to acquire Fair Isle and to endow the Bird Observatory there; to the Roads Beautifying Association for its publications; to the University Library at Cambridge to enable it to acquire the Hardinge Papers; to the Highland Folk Museum at Kingussie; to the Royal Scottish Museum, which was enabled with the Trust's help to acquire for the Scottish nation the exquisite seventeenth-century silver toilet set of La Belle Stuart, the lady who, according to an old tradition, still figures on our coinage as Britannia; to the British Drama League, the Welsh National Opera Company, the Festival Theatre at Hyde, Cheshire, and the Tavistock Repertory Company to help it repair and use the old Tower Theatre at Islington. And as if all this was not enough, the Trust has sponsored the preparation of a new complete edition of the Letters of Charles Dickens and has made grants towards learned publications produced by the Cambrian Archaeological Association, the Yorkshire Archaeological Association, the London Topographical Society and the English Place-Name Society. It has also given a sum of £1200 for five years to the William Temple College to endow a resident Lecturer in Social Studies and Industrial Relations. It all reminds one of the candle burning in the hall at Belmont that Portia likened to a good deed in a naughty world. Only, in the case of the Pilgrim Trust, the beams of that hopeful light spring from so many good deeds.

THE CENTENARY OF THE "SCOTSMAN."



WHERE THE *SCOTSMAN* FIRST SAW THE LIGHT: FROM A PAINTING SHOWING NO. 257, HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH, FROM WHICH THE FIRST ISSUE WAS PUBLISHED ON JUNE 29, 1855.

On Friday, June 29, 1855, the first issue of the *Scotsman*—or, rather, the *Daily Scotsman*—was first published; and on Wednesday, June 29, 1955, it celebrated its first hundred years with a centenary supplement. We take this opportunity of publishing reproductions of paintings of two of its former homes; and of offering our congratulations and best wishes for the future to our distinguished junior. At the end of this month, Mr. J. Murray Watson, its Editor since 1944, retires, and his chief assistant, Mr. John Buchanan, will then become acting editor.



THE HOME OF THE *SCOTSMAN* DURING THE PERIOD OF ITS GREATEST EXPANSION (1864-1904): FROM A PAINTING OF THE SPECIALLY-BUILT OFFICES IN COCKBURN STREET, EDINBURGH.



THE ENLARGED ROYAL ENCLOSURE, WITH THE QUEEN'S LAWN (RIGHT; IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL BOX; CANOPY JUST VISIBLE RIGHT): THE SCENE ON JULY 12, OPENING DAY OF ROYAL ASCOT, WITH CROWDS OF WOMEN IN SUMMER DRESSES AND MEN IN GREY TOP-HATS.



THE QUEEN IN A FLORAL-PATTERNED DRESS, AND PRINCESS MARGARET IN EMERALD GREEN TAFFETAS: THE ROYAL SISTERS ON JULY 12, WITH THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.



AT THE ASCOT MEETING ON JULY 16 TO SEE *VIMY* WIN THE KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH STAKES, BEATING *ACROPOLIS* BY A HEAD: THE QUEEN.



WEARING A SILK DRESS OF BLUISH-GREEN AND A SMALL HAT TRIMMED WITH A LARGE FLOWER: THE QUEEN WITH PRINCESS MARGARET, IN A LAVENDER-COLOURED DRESS AND HAT, ON JULY 15.

THE QUEEN AT ROYAL ASCOT AND AT THE ASCOT MEETING ON JULY 16: AND A VIEW OF THE ENLARGED ROYAL ENCLOSURE.

Although, owing to the fact that the Queen was not in residence at Windsor, there was no State drive down the course, the postponed Royal Ascot Meeting, which took place on July 12, 13, 14 and 15, lived up to its name. The sun shone brilliantly and the temperature was tropical, so that picture hats, parasols and sun-glasses made their appearance. The best-dressed women were those who followed the example of her Majesty and Princess Margaret, and chose simply-cut dresses in beautiful materials, with short sleeves and no exaggerated *décolleté*, worn with small hats. On the opening day the Queen was in a green and pink printed dress and a pink petal hat; and Princess Margaret wore emerald green. On the Friday

her Majesty's turquoise-blue dress was extremely elegant, made with a long waist and full skirt; and Princess Margaret wore a lavender-coloured ensemble. Members of the Royal party, which included the Queen Mother and the Princess Royal, made expeditions to the Paddock and Parade Ring; and on the Ascot meeting of July 16, when Mr. P. Wertheimer's *Vimy* beat Alice Lady Derby's *Acropolis* in a photo-finish in the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes—most valuable race in this country—her Majesty wore a simply-made dress in a floral printed material. The enlarged enclosure and other new features of the Royal Ascot Meeting proved highly successful.



THE SCENE ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE GENEVA CONFERENCE: FROM THE EXTREME LEFT, PROCEEDING CLOCKWISE, IS THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION, WITH MARSHAL ZHUKOV, FRENCH DELEGATES, WITH M. FRAU AND M. FAURE (THIRD AND FOURTH); AND LASTLY, THE BRITISH

MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. MOLOTOV; THEN THE AMERICAN DELEGATION, WITH MR. DULLES AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER (THIRD AND FOURTH); THEN THE DELEGATION, WITH MR. MACMILLAN AND SIR ANTHONY EDEN (THIRD AND FOURTH).

THE GREAT MEETING THAT RAISED THE HOPES OF THE WORLD: THE SCENE AT THE

The great meeting at Geneva on July 18 of the Principals of the Governments of the United Kingdom, the United States, France and Soviet Russia was regarded by many as the hinge upon which might turn not merely the peace of the world but the continued existence of mankind. The aims of the Four Powers were made known to all, the somewhat unenterprising opening speeches gave some indication

of the way in which the respective Governments would respond to certain major proposals; but behind the moves and counter-moves, the diplomatic undulations and the outward *bonhomie* lay the shadow of the hydrogen bomb. That is one fact that will not yield to clever diplomacy, one threat that cannot be abolished by a mere treaty. It was of primary importance that some sort of agreement be

PALAIS DES NATIONS, GENEVA, AT THE OPENING OF THE FOUR-POWER CONFERENCE.

reached in the matter of a united Germany, in the international pooling of atomic materials for peaceful use, and in such other difficult issues which would come before the Conference, but above all these, the hope of all mankind was that the leaders of the Great Powers should reach the complete and tacit understanding that a nuclear war means the end of the complex civilisations which have taken

centuries to build: that, in fact, there can be no victor in any future war. The temperate opening speech by Marshal Bulganin, and the sober speeches of Sir Anthony Eden, President Eisenhower and M. Faure indicated what would be the prevailing note of the talks. This in itself was promising. But the most promising aspect of the Geneva Conference was that it ever took place.

ROYAL OCCASIONS AND A SIGNIFICANT MEETING: IN ENGLAND, GERMANY, DENMARK AND CYPRUS.



(LEFT.) INSPECTING A TANK OF THE 8TH KING'S ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING HIS VISIT TO THE REGIMENT AT LUNEBURG ON JULY 11.

On July 11, after a private visit to Prince Ludwig of Hesse at Schloss Wolfsgarten, the Duke of Edinburgh piloted his R.A.F. *Heron* aircraft to Luneburg, where he spent the day with the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, of which regiment he is Colonel-in-Chief. The following day he flew on to Oldenburg.

(RIGHT.) H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WHITE CITY ON JULY 15, PRESENTING THE CUP TO P. A. L. VINE, THE WINNER OF THE 220 YARDS HURDLES, WHO SET UP BRITISH ALL-COMERS, NATIONAL AND ENGLISH NATIVE RECORDS.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESENTING THE NEW COLOUR TO THE SCHOOL ON JULY 16, WHEN HE VISITED THE GORDON BOYS' SCHOOL AT WOKING FOR THE 70TH ANNUAL INSPECTION. RECEIVING THE COLOUR IS SERGEANT T. TURNBULL, AGED SEVENTEEN YEARS.



MEETING IN CYPRUS: MR. LENNOX-BOYD, COLONIAL SECRETARY (RIGHT), WITH ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS, LEADER OF THE "ENOSIS" MOVEMENT.

On July 9 Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, during the course of a visit to Cyprus, had a two-hour conference with Archbishop Makarios, the leader of the Cyprus "Enosis" movement for union with Greece. Mr. Lennox-Boyd also met Dr. Kuchuk, the leader of the Turkish minority.



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, AS COMMANDANT-IN-CHIEF, ST. JOHN AMBULANCE AND NURSING CADETS, PRESENTING THE AMERICAN CUP FOR GALLANTRY (GIVEN BY THE 8TH U.S.A.F.) TO CADET ALAN GRAINGER (FOURTEEN)—AT SOUTHPORT ON JULY 16.



VISITING THE SEAMEN'S MEMORIAL AT ESBJERG: THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY ON HOLIDAY. (L. TO R.) THE LORD MAYOR OF ESBJERG; KING FREDERIK; AN UNIDENTIFIED MAN; PRINCESS MARGRETHE (THEIR PRESUMPTIVE); PRINCESS BENEDIKTE; PRINCESS ANNE-MARIE; AND QUEEN INGRID.



HOLIDAYMAKING AT FANOE: PRINCESS BENEDIKTE AND PRINCESS ANNE-MARIE WITH FOUR FRIENDS IN THE TRADITIONAL COSTUME OF FANOE, A DANISH HOLIDAY RESORT ISLAND. THE FOUR FRIENDS IN FANOE COSTUME ARE THE THREE DAUGHTERS, DORA, IDA AND ULLA, OF THE FINANCE MINISTER, MR. KAMPMANN, AND CHRISTINA ROHDE.

TERRORISM AND RIOTING IN MOROCCO.



CARRYING THE COFFINS OF THE SIX VICTIMS OF THE TERRORIST BOMB OUTRAGE OF JULY 14 TO THE FUNERAL SERVICE AT SACRÉ CŒUR, IN CASABLANCA.



ATTENDING A CEREMONY IN THE COURSE OF WHICH HE WAS BOOED: M. GRANDVAL, THE NEW RESIDENT-GENERAL OF MOROCCO, AT THE CATHEDRAL, CASABLANCA.



PART OF THE EUROPEAN CROWD, WAVING TRICOLORS, WHO MADE A VIOLENT COUNTER-DEMONSTRATION IN CASABLANCA ON JULY 15, THE DAY AFTER THE BOMB OUTRAGE.

On July 14 at Casablanca, French Morocco, Muslim terrorists hurled a bomb at a café terrace crowded with French residents celebrating Bastille Day. Six persons, including two children, were killed and twenty-five injured. There followed nearly twenty-four hours of rioting by European crowds, during which a number of persons were killed. On July 16 there were a number of clashes and outrages; and on July 17, after a relatively quiet day, soldiers with tanks and cannon went into action against grenade-throwers in the Old Medina. By the end of the week, the death-roll was not less than thirty-five. During the funeral of the six victims of the bomb outrage, M. Grandval, the new Resident-General, was booed.

A TANK WHICH ERECTS ITS OWN BRIDGE.

In our issue of January 9, 1954, we reproduced photographs of a U.S. Army tracked vehicle, a turretless tank, which carried a folding aluminium bridge on its top, this bridge being unfolded from within the tank by hydraulic control. We show here an improvement and development of the same idea. In this the same type of light but strong bridge is towed by a fully-armed M-48 tank, the driver of which can back up to a gap and unfold the bridge, while still fighting. It has been developed at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.



A UNITED STATES TANK WHICH TOWS AND ERECTS A FOLDING BRIDGE TO COVER A 40-FT. GAP: AN M-48 TANK BACKING ITS BRIDGE INTO POSITION.



BRIDGING THE GAP: THE FOLDING BRIDGE IS HERE BEING UNFOLDED FROM WITHIN THE TANK, WHICH IS A FULLY-ARMED FIGHTING VEHICLE.



HAVING LAID THE BRIDGE OVER THE GAP, THE M-48 TANK PROCEEDS TO CROSS IT. THIS DEVICE WAS DEVELOPED BY ARMY ENGINEERS AT FORT BELVOIR, VIRGINIA, AND IS AN IMPROVEMENT ON AN EARLIER MODEL.

FROM FIELDING TO NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

"HUE AND CRY: THE BIRTH OF THE BRITISH POLICE"; By PATRICK PRINGLE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. PATRICK PRINGLE is a social historian who has written a book called "Jolly Roger—The Story of the Great Age of Piracy," and other jolly volumes on smugglers and highwaymen. The late seventeenth century and the eighteenth century saw all law-breakers—often so jolly in fiction, but usually brutal rogues in fact—flourishing. The Navy set to work on the pirates, the Preventive officers waged (as, aided by Customs officers, they still wage) a long war on the smugglers, about whose degree of success to-day nobody probably will know for a hundred years or so; it was largely because of the highwaymen that our infant Police Force came into existence—the highwaymen and the tough gangs who infested the London streets, robbing, assaulting and murdering, with whom the old Parish Constables, serving by rote and briefly, had no power of dealing beyond their own parochial boundaries.

The police on the high seas, and the coast-wise police, came into existence before the metropolitan and inland police. The reason was that the turbulent British population, with its suspicion of "standing" forces controlled by their rulers, and a passion for individual liberty which did not weaken until our own day, formed an opposition hard to defeat. "No one," we are told here, "called our policemen wonderful in the eighteenth century. What struck foreign visitors was that we had none. London was not only the greatest town in the civilised world; it was also the most lawless, for it was the only one without a professional police-force. The people preferred robbers to gendarmes, and when they looked abroad they found good reason for their belief that a State could not have a police force without becoming a Police State. It was not until the middle of the century that Henry Fielding, who also wrote novels, secretly founded the Bow Street Runners, broke up the armed-gangs of street-robbers and drew the first blue-print for a metropolitan police-force."

Had I been a G. K. Chesterton, who liked questioning accepted notions and unveiling new truths, or even half-truths, that sentence about Henry Fielding "who also wrote novels," including "Tom Jones," might have diverted me into a dissertation on the complexities of genius. As a "deviationist" of that kind I might have devoted myself to the provisional hypothesis that a great man of action is usually a frustrated artist who either revenges himself upon the world, like Napoleon (who had early ambitions as a novelist), Hitler (who never forgot that he was refused admission into the Vienna School of Architecture) and Mussolini (who fancied himself as a dramatist), or reluctantly gives up the art he loves, in order to serve and do well for humanity and himself in the way for which he is best equipped—the Duke of Wellington, who had a passion for music which he retained into his last days, is supposed to have burned his fiddle on a lodging-house fire in Dublin, when he was a subaltern, because, since he was a younger son and engaged,

and (although his father was a talented composer) could not suppose that he was a Sarasate, an Ysaye, a Kreisler, a Kubelik, or a Menuhin (and it was his misfortune that he never heard any of them), the best thing he thought he could do was what he ultimately did: namely, to serve his country, for many years at a time, first in the literal saddle in the field, and then in the metaphorical saddle at home.

It might be argued, contrariwise, that a great artist, if compelled, may become a great man of action, and not so unscrupulous as the frustrated artist. The Greeks (Thucydides was an Admiral in the war of which he so surpassingly wrote) provided examples for that: Julius Caesar would certainly have been an eminent, if laconic, writer had he never had to wage the wars he described; Bacon, Clarendon, Bolingbroke and Disraeli were authors born; D'Annunzio, when nobody else had the dash to do

blindness was little handicap to him. The less he saw, the more he heard: and, with everything read to him, he had more time to consider.

This sort of book, with this sort of title, is often written by cheerful makers - of - books who rehash former books by former makers-of-books. I must frankly admit that when I first opened it, I feared that this must be one more of the same kind. Not a bit of it: Mr. Pringle has all the brightness of the collector

of good and exciting stories combined with a passion for fact and excavation which marks the real scholar, who is so often as dull as a recorder as he is exemplary as a delver and a witness. I received an early warning when I read his list of "Acknowledgments": "My thanks are due to the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police for kindly allowing me to use his Reference Library at Scotland Yard, and to Chief-Superintendent L. H. Bearne for giving me similar facilities at the Bow Street Police Museum; to Mr. Angus Wilson and his staff in the Reading Room and to the staffs of the Departments of Manuscripts and of Prints and Drawings and the Newspaper Library of the British Museum; and to the staff of the Public Record Office."

This is a serious historical work, written in a lively manner. Historically it does not over-emphasise one aspect as against another: Horace Walpole is here as well as Gin Lane; and the author, a humane man, while admitting the savagery of eighteenth-century law, emphasises the frequent moderation of its administration; he even has exculpatory words to say for the later Lords Ellenborough and Eldon, who merely believed in law as a deterrent—as, I suppose, the Home Secretary did when he declined to reprieve Ruth Ellis.

Peel's Police had instructions based on those of the Fieldings' small and starved force. The general public was against them. The "Coppers" were treated with hatred and contempt. "They were thrown into the river and on spiked railings, assaulted

and kicked to death. When a constable was murdered at a riot the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide." The police had such a rotten time at the beginning, that it is no wonder that they have been "wonderful" ever since.

Mr. Pringle is much more interested in life than many historians, and much more interested in finding things out, and making allowances for the various atmospheres of various ages. His is the sort of book that increases one's feeling of one's kinship with one's sires.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 164 of this issue.



MR. PATRICK PRINGLE, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK, "HUE AND CRY," REVIEWED BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Pringle is a social historian, and among his previous books are studies on piracy, ("Jolly Roger"), highwaymen ("Stand and Deliver") and smugglers ("Honest Thieves").



"THE BLIND BEAK": SIR JOHN FIELDING, HENRY FIELDING'S HALF-BROTHER AND SUCCESSOR AT BOW STREET.



SIR THOMAS DE VEIL: THE FIRST BOW STREET POLICE-MAGISTRATE.



"THE EXECUTION OF THE IDLE APPRENTICE AT TYBURN": FROM HOGARTH'S FAMOUS PICTURE. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Hue and Cry" by courtesy of the Publishers, The Museum Press Ltd.

it, captured and kept Fiume after the First World War, and, after the same war, the first President of Poland, and chief representative of his country at Geneva, was Paderewski the pianist.

It is a mistake to divide men into "aesthetes" and "hearties." Nature knows no such division. Men either have brains or imagination, or both or neither; with other factors coming in, such as energy, bodily health, faith and the desire to serve. Henry Fielding had everything but bodily health. He died after a few years' service as a magistrate and was succeeded, for a long term of office, by his half-brother, Sir John Fielding, known as "the Blind Beak," for the sufficient reason that he was blind. He always maintained that

* "Hue and Cry: The Birth of the British Police," By Patrick Pringle. Illustrated. (Museum Press 15s.)

THE GENEVA "SUMMIT" CONFERENCE: VILLAS OCCUPIED BY THE LEADING PERSONAGES.



WHERE PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WAS TO RESIDE DURING THE GENEVA "SUMMIT" CONFERENCE: THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MANSION AT CREUX DE GENTHOD, FIVE MILES FROM GENEVA.



WHERE THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE, MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES, WAS TO STAY DURING THE CONFERENCE: THE VILLA "LA TERRASSE," NEAR GENEVA.



THE TEMPORARY RESIDENCE OF THE FRENCH PREMIER DURING THE CONFERENCE: THE VILLA "PREVORZIER," SET IN BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS ABOUT EIGHT MILES FROM THE CITY.



THE FRONT ASPECT OF THE MANSION AT CREUX DE GENTHOD, WHERE PRESIDENT AND MRS. EISENHOWER WERE TO STAY. IT WAS DESIGNED BY J. F. BLONDEL.



WHERE SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN WERE TO STAY: THE VILLA "LA REPOSOIR," SIR ANTHONY ALSO STAYED HERE DURING THE FAR EASTERN CONFERENCE.



RENTED FOR MARSHAL BULGANIN: "LA PASTORALE," A CHARMING VILLA AT GRAND SACCONE. THE RUSSIANS ARE USING THE HOTEL METROPOLE IN GENEVA AS OFFICES.

Arrangements for the Four-Power Conference—the "Summit" Conference—which was fixed to open at the Palais des Nations on July 18, were virtually complete by July 14. Security precautions taken by the Swiss authorities were reported to be even stricter than those adopted for the Asian Conference last year. We show here some of the pleasant country and lakeside houses which are being occupied by the heads of the four Powers during the conference; and these, together with their pleasant and shady gardens, were put under a close, vigilant

yet discreet guard. The President of the Swiss Confederation, M. Petitpierre, who arranged to meet all the Heads of Governments at Geneva Airport, had invited the members of the delegations to a dinner at the Eynard Palace on July 21, while Mme. Petitpierre was to entertain the wives of the four Heads of Governments at the home of Mme. Boissier. On the Sunday before the Conference opened, special services of intercession were arranged to take place at the Cathedral of St. Pierre and the Basilica of Notre Dame.

INSIDE SOVIET RUSSIA (I.): NEGLECTED LUXURIES AND QUEUES FOR SHOES AND THICK STOCKINGS.



EXCLUSIVE MODELS IN A MOSCOW STORE: TWO GIRLS EXAMINING A REAL SILK DRESS IN THE DEPARTMENT WHERE GOODS ARE PRICED FROM 400 TO 800 ROUBLES.



FUR COATS DISPLAYED IN A RUSSIAN DEPARTMENT STORE, PRICED AT 12,609 AND 16,954 ROUBLES. THERE WAS NO SPECIAL FUR DEPARTMENT, AND NO QUEUES OF CUSTOMERS WERE TO BE SEEN.



WAITING THEIR TURN: A LONG LINE IN THE SHOE DEPARTMENT, WHERE THE TOP PRICE FOR WOMEN'S SHOES IS 400 ROUBLES A PAIR.



QUEUEING-UP FOR STOCKINGS: RUSSIAN GIRLS WAITING TO BUY—NOT SHEER NYLONS—BUT ARTIFICIAL SILK STOCKINGS IN SHADES OF BROWN, VERY THICK AND ELASTIC.

Though Soviet women, like their sisters in the Western democracies, admire luxurious clothes, few possess such garments. The photographer who obtained our pictures of departments in a Moscow store noted that though silk dresses and fur coats were displayed, there was no rush of customers for either class of luxury goods. There were queues for necessities such as shoes (not of first-class quality) and for stockings. There are no nylons in Moscow, only elastic, artificial silk, thick stockings in

shades of brown. Figures given by Mr. Juviler and Mr. Sherman, the Russian-speaking American students, in their articles "Talking to Russians," in the *Observer*, gave some indication of the value of a rouble to a Russian. A workman's average wage is 700 roubles a month; and in a popular restaurant a dish of frankfurters and cabbage cost 2 roubles 75 kopeks; a cup of coffee 1 rouble 55 kopeks and a cup of cocoa 95 kopeks.

INSIDE SOVIET RUSSIA (II): CUSTOMERS AND ASSISTANTS IN A MOSCOW CLOTHING STORE.



CHOOSING AN OUTFIT FOR A YOUNG GIRL IN HER TEENS: THE PRINTED RAYON DRESS IS PRICED AT 142 ROUBLES, WHILE AN OVERCOAT IN HER SIZE WOULD COST SOMETHING BETWEEN 90 TO 550 ROUBLES.



THE NEW FASHIONS—AS EXCITING IN SOVIET RUSSIA AS IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX OR GROSVENOR STREET: TRYING ON A NEW HAT—A PROCESS WATCHED BY A CROWD OF FRIENDS. ITS PRICE IS 72 ROUBLES.



WORKING A TRADITIONAL AND SIMPLE AID TO ARITHMETIC WHICH HAS BEEN IN USE FOR MANY GENERATIONS IN RUSSIA: ACCOUNTS CLERKS IN A MOSCOW STORE WITH ABACUSES.



THE FINEST WHICH THE GUM DEPARTMENT STORE CAN PROVIDE: A MAN'S NEAR-SILK SHIRT, PRICED AT 224 ROUBLES.

Details of life in Soviet Russia are difficult to obtain and of great interest, specially now, when rumours of a slightly less intransigent Soviet policy have been rife, and the "Summit" conference of Russian and Western Democratic Statesmen was due to have begun on July 18. Our photographs illustrate aspects of Soviet women's shopping expeditions. In the recent articles, "Russia Revisited," in *The Times*, it was noted that queues for textiles in the shops were shorter, and that light overcoats were among the garments now obtainable. Women can buy

clothes at the State store, Gum, and, like their Western sisters, enjoy the arrival of new millinery models. Prices are difficult to compare with those in London, for the official rate of exchange of 11 roubles to the £ does not represent the actual value of the currency, and indeed 40 to the £ is said to be a more truthful assessment. The fact that a woman's straw hat costs 72 roubles, and that prices for hats vary between 50 and 180 roubles may explain why many Russian women prefer to wear a scarf on their heads—a fashion, however, not unknown in England.

INSIDE SOVIET RUSSIA (III): WHERE THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR HAS FOUND "LOOSENING-UP."



CONTAINING 750 FLATS, WITH FROM TWO TO FIVE ROOMS EACH: A GRANDIOSE SKYSCRAPER, KNOWN AS A "MULTI-STORE," AT KOTELNICHETAY, COMPLETED IN 1951.



ONCE OCCUPIED BY THE CZAR AND MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY, AND NOW AVAILABLE TO ANYONE WHO WISHES TO BUY A SEAT THERE: THE ORNATE IMPERIAL BOX IN MOSCOW'S FAMOUS THEATRE.

Much interest was roused by the comments of Sir William Hayter, British Ambassador to Russia, when he arrived in this country on July 12. He said: "During the two years I have been Ambassador in Moscow, things have been getting easier, and recently there has been a loosening-up by top-level officials." These remarks by a high-ranking British diplomat are amplified by the account of their experiences in Russia on the "man-in-the-street" level, given in articles in the



A CINEMA IN MOSCOW SHOWING THE INDIAN FILM, "THE HOBO": TICKETS COST FIVE ROUBLES, BUT ONE FOR EACH OF THE TWO PARTS OF THE PICTURE IS NEEDED.



NAMED AFTER THE MAN WHO ORGANISED THE SECRET POLICE: DZERZHINSKY SQUARE, WITH (LEFT) LUBYANKA PRISON, FORMER H.Q. OF BERIA.



LIT BY 'DAZZLING' CRYSTAL CHANDELIERS AND CONTAINING A STATUE OF STALIN (LEFT): THE FOYER OF THE FAMOUS BOLSHOI THEATRE, MOSCOW, WITH TYPICAL MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE.

Observer by two Russian-speaking American students. They were able to travel about and to take photographs. On this and other pages we give illustrations of everyday life behind the Iron Curtain, showing typical Soviet citizens going about their city, capital of that great and mysterious land whose Government policy and outlooks are so diametrically opposed to the ideals of the Western Democracies, and with whose ordinary people we have so little direct contact.

INSIDE SOVIET RUSSIA (IV.): TRANSPORT AND SHOPPING SCENES, AND LUXURY FOODS.



MOSCOW'S CROWDED THOROUGHFARES: CARS AND HEAVY LORRIES ROARING ALONG A WIDE STREET, THE CARS PRACTICALLY ALL STATE-OWNED AND OF RUSSIAN MAKE.



SHOESHINE IN COMFORT: THE WOMAN POLISHING IS A STATE OFFICIAL, THOUGH HIRED BY A DEPARTMENT STORE AND PLACED OUTSIDE TO AVOID OVERCROWDING THE SHOP.



AN OBJECT OF THE GREATEST PRIDE TO ALL RUSSIANS: A VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED UNDERGROUND, WHICH HAS BEEN ELABORATELY DECORATED BY LEADING RUSSIAN ARTISTS.

The photographs on this and the facing and preceding pages illustrate aspects of everyday life in Moscow. As in London, cars and lorries crowd the roads, but the cars—practically all Russian-built—are nearly all State-owned. The most popular makes are *Moskovitsj*, *Pobjeda*, *Zim* and *Zis*. The contrast between new and traditional life remains marked. If a man wants his shoes shined, he sits in a chair on a platform and a woman polishes them; but she is a State official, though hired by a department store. She works outside, beside her stall, to avoid



MOSCOW'S GREAT SHOPPING CENTRE: ONE OF THE FOUR COVERED STREETS WHICH LEAD THROUGH GUM, THE HUGE DEPARTMENT STORE, WHERE POLICE DIRECT THE CROWDS.



ASSOCIATED WITH IMPERIAL RUSSIA: CAVIAR—2 OZS. 10½ DRAMS OF WHICH COST 10 ROUBLES, AND CRIMEAN CHAMPAGNE AT 28 ROUBLES A BOTTLE.

overcrowding the store. As is well known, the Russian Underground is of great magnificence, with stations decorated by leading artists. Gum, the huge department store, is intersected by four covered streets with two storeys. Departments open off these like separate shops; and police direct the pedestrian traffic. The store contains refreshment rooms and small restaurants, but many customers bring their own food and sit on the floor while eating it. Caviar and champagne, however, are still obtainable for those who can afford them.

LET me start with a confession. Some friends and acquaintances, not generally those who make a business of writing, assume that the writer of a weekly article always starts the day with a cut-and-dried plan and an inevitable subject. So far as I am concerned, and I feel sure I am not alone here, this is not the case. It may be for twenty-six out of the fifty-two articles which go to the year. For the other half of the commitment he has to find a subject. Sometimes the search is over in a few minutes; sometimes he is driven to despair in his hunt for a suitable topic. If he is, as in my case, tied to news when it is possible to find suitable news, his plight is naturally more difficult than if he is an essayist with all the field of ideas at his disposal. Before he resigns himself to quitting the field of events, he probably goes through the newspapers to see whether some coming event has escaped his memory and whether it is suitable for discussion in advance. Such was my fate this Sunday morning.

Newspapers which approximate most closely in type generally coincide in their views as to what constitutes the main news. Here there were two items: a warning from scientists that the hydrogen bomb might lead to the extermination of the human race, and an outbreak of active hostilities in Northern Laos, threatening the breakdown of an uneasy pact. The main difference was that the *Sunday Times* put Laos on the left and the hydrogen bomb on the right, whereas the *Observer* reversed the positions. My reaction was that I had written enough about the hydrogen bomb to go on with, and, in particular, had dealt with the danger of the spread of "fall-out," as opposed to that of the obliteration of cities, which is so much more often discussed. I did not think that I, who am not a scientist, had for the time being anything more to contribute to this shocking subject, which would certainly be with us for a long time to come.

The Laos story was a specimen of the type of news most difficult to handle in a weekly article. It was a single incident in a long and tangled chain of events. Taken by itself, its chief importance was the effect which it might produce on the Geneva Conference, but there seemed to be little point in speculating what that might be, in view of the fact that everybody would know all about it from daily newspapers and the radio before my speculation came to the eyes of readers. As for the fighting which had taken place, the situation was there also transitional. Reports suggested that the Laotian forces had recaptured outposts lost to the pro-Communist Pathet Lao troops and that these were in retreat, but the Government expected more trouble and was concentrating strength to meet it. The International Control Commission would doubtless find the matter before it and make what it could of it. Similar bodies have been facing similar problems in several parts of the world in recent times, doing their best, but a best which has not always been good enough.

Does this sound like an excuse for turning away from the two subjects providing what journalists call the "lead"? If so, I think I may be forgiven. If the news this Sunday morning is measured in bulk, rather than rated in relation to its position on the front page, then I may say that the main news is a triple bill: sport, the weather and the holidays. The vast majority of people are thinking about them. And what a moment in the progress of sport of all kinds this Sunday represents! The Golf Open Championship has just come to an end, with a victory for the right man, the man expected to win on form and temperament, Peter Thomson. In cricket the Test Match is in progress and South Africa has "come back" with a vengeance. Eton v. Harrow ended yesterday with a brilliant bowling performance by S. Douglas Pennant bringing Eton victory. Sir Percy Loraine's rather disappointing *Darius* won the Eclipse yesterday at Sandown in the hands of a new jockey, Lester Piggott, but there is much more talk about Ascot. Someone writes about that, to my uncultured mind, dreary business, the cycling *Tour de France*.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. "WARMER STILL FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS."

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

We had begun to despair of the weather this year, but it has been kind of late. It was nearly perfect for Wimbledon, and, if rather chilly for Henley, still dry. Since then it has become hot: 75 degs. yesterday at the astonishing place of origin of temperature reports, "the roof of the Air Ministry." It is the sun, above all, which turns our minds from bombs and the mazes of Indo-Chinese politics. The sun gives sport another colour, makes it gayer and brighter. Above all, it is the sun on the holiday-places which doubles the rush to get to them: 66,000 members of the A.A. are, I learn, going to take cars abroad. I am probably right in supposing that some thousands of these made their final arrangements because holiday weather had arrived, though they had no guarantee that it would still be present when they started.

The main feature of holiday-making is not, however, the spectacle of car-owners taking their cars abroad, but that of the enormous numbers who pour out of the cities, London especially, to English seaside resorts by train. The majority start on Saturday morning, because to do so adds a day or two to their fortnight's holiday. I seldom have good cause to go to one of the London termini on a Saturday in summer

holidays. But none welcome them more heartily and, I suppose, none enjoy them better—providing the weather is kind.

For the wealthier, English holidays are not what they were—whatever one thought of them in the past. I was lunching yesterday with an old Canadian lady, visiting this country, in which she had spent many years of her life. She had looked forward, above all, to a long tour in Scotland. The country had not failed her—though the weather had to a great extent—but her holiday had been in great part spoiled by bad hotels, bad cooking and, astonishing as it may sound, often not enough food to satisfy hunger. The kindest of women, she was bitter on the subject. She had gone to the hotels supposed to be the best—anyhow, the most expensive—and felt she had been cheated. It is said that our hotels are improving, but the process should have been a matter of weeks from the time when rationing of food came to an end. If we want to keep and increase the number of visitors from abroad we shall have to do better than this.

That, however, is a question of the tourist trade rather than one of holidays. New ways of spending them are coming into fashion, including walking, which is cheap and popular with the young. Yet, in the main, holidays in this country are still represented by the beach backed by the long row of boarding-houses; probably late-Victorian or Edwardian in architecture, with meals at fixed hours, or the rather more recent feature of holiday camps, also for the most part at the seaside. It is easy to take a superior attitude to them. Indeed, the almost inevitable cold meat, the

lettuce chopped into pieces the size of half-crowns and bedewed with mayonnaise from a bottle, the tinned fruit—when the country is full of fruit—do not appeal to the discriminating; still less the loud-speaker calling, "Wakey, wakey, Campers!" in the early morning. The bright side, the element which makes up for the crowding which it brings about, is that holidays have become nearly universal.

Work becomes more and more a matter of routine: the same trains out and home, the same type of job, whether in factory or office, the regulation of movement and of time. It is true that routine always proves less dull and oppressive in fact than it is in theory, which is why the novels and plays and films which portray mankind as a race of semi-robots always seem exaggerated. None the less escape is a boon. The brief periods of escape provided by week-ends and Bank Holidays, to say nothing of grandmothers' funerals, are indispensable. They are even more important than the long escape, relatively long even if

only a fortnight. It may be a matter for the ironist's profession that the long escape is often just as much a matter of routine as the work, but at least it is a different kind of routine and to a large extent self-imposed. It is the one time when everyone is his own master, unless he has to deal with a particularly tough specimen of the boarding-house landlady.

The holiday is one of the marks of civilised man. The lucky among the uncivilised, those who live in the kindest climates, may make of life one continuous holiday, but for most life is all toil, and that is the case also in transitional stages. Civilised man may misuse his holidays, and it may well be argued that those who spend eight consecutive hours in the casino at Deauville do so to a greater extent than those who sit all day on the beach at Southsea and leave their newspapers behind them. He may also misuse the beauties of the coast by putting up hideous and incongruous hotels, boarding-houses, villas and huts. Even here holidays have a short crime sheet by comparison with industry. But holidays provide an anodyne for life in a predominantly urban and industrial community such as our own. I myself, in the days when I used to take regular holidays, used to look forward to them as eagerly as any schoolboy, and return from them refreshed in mind even more than in body, though I have been fortunate enough to have avoided purely routine work all my life. Now it gives me an odd pleasure to see others on holiday, even if not the kind I should myself enjoy.



A SCENE OF HORROR AT THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING: POLICE, ST. JOHN AMBULANCE MEN, AND MEN AND WOMEN VOLUNTEERS ATTENDING TO CASUALTIES AFTER LIGHTNING HAD STRUCK A SECTION OF THE CROWD ON JULY 14. A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCENE IN GENERAL, AND A REPORT OF THE DISASTER APPEAR ON PP. 148-149.

—and no one is likely to, unless he has good cause—but whenever I have done so I have been struck afresh by the patience and good temper of the vast queues, barked at by maddeningly patronising voices through loud-speakers. Almost all are lugging hand baggage; some are carrying babies. Some of the four-year-olds look tired already. What will they feel like on arrival at Weston-super-Mare? It looks to me a more tiresome business than my trip to Greece a few weeks ago.

For a large proportion the holiday will come down in essence to sitting in a deck-chair on a beach so crowded that even a game with a ball is almost impossible. Restful and health-giving, perhaps, but not exciting. The gap between even family holidays on large and small incomes seems greater than it is in workaday life. There is also a gap governed rather by geography than finance. Londoners are unlucky by comparison with citizens of a number of other capitals known to me: for example, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo, Helsingfors and Athens. Those of Athens are best off, because the weather is, so to speak, waterproof, but in all these cases everyone can make every week-end a holiday, pouring out on to beaches which at their most crowded are far less so than ours. Yet in few countries is the annual seaside holiday more a feature of the life of the community than in this. At the same time, despite all changes, we are more of a class society than Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Finland and Greece. This appears markedly in our

"STRATFORD-ON-HOUSATONIC", AND NEWS FROM MANY COUNTRIES.



"STRATFORD-ON-HOUSATONIC": THE NEW AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT, WHICH OPENED ON JULY 12 WITH "JULIUS CÆSAR." In February bulldozers began clearing a site beside the Housatonic River at Stratford, Connecticut; and on July 12 the U.S. Shakespeare Festival Theatre, still perhaps not quite complete, nevertheless opened with a performance of "Julius Cæsar." The theatre, a steel-and-wood development of the Elizabethan Globe, seats about 1550 persons. The dramatic academy is associated with the theatre and this is directed by Mr. John Burrell.



AT A HISTORIC MILITARY OCCASION IN KENYA: SIR EVELYN BARING, THE GOVERNOR, SALUTING THE OLD COLOURS OF THE 5TH BN. KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES. On July 7, at Nairobi, Sir Evelyn Baring presented new Colours to the 5th Bn. King's African Rifles and Colours to the 7th and 23rd Battalions at the same time. In the history of the British Army it is a very rare event for three battalions to receive Colours simultaneously.



A WATER-POLO FREE-FOR-ALL: THE SCENE AT SALERNO, ITALY, WHEN, DURING THE COURSE OF A MATCH BETWEEN LOCAL WATER-POLO TEAMS, PART OF A GRANDSTAND COLLAPSED AND MANY SPECTATORS WERE FLUNG INTO THE WATER. FORTUNATELY, THERE WERE NO CASUALTIES.



THE EXECUTION OF MRS. RUTH ELLIS: PART OF THE CROWD OF ABOUT 1000 WHICH GATHERED OUTSIDE HOLLOWAY PRISON ON JULY 13. On the morning of July 13 Mrs. Ruth Ellis, a twenty-eight-year-old model, who was found guilty of murdering her lover, was executed by hanging at Holloway Prison. A large crowd gathered outside the prison and waited for the posting of the notice that the execution had taken place.



PART OF A CROWD OF SOME 300,000 WHO TOOK PART IN A CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION IN BRUSSELS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT'S PROPOSED SCHOOL REFORMS.

On July 10 a demonstration of some 300,000 persons, headed by horsemen bearing banners, was staged in the streets of Brussels by the Christian Social Committee for Freedom and Democracy. It was directed against the Bill on secondary and technical education and the subsidising of Roman Catholic schools brought forward by the present Belgian Coalition Government. No serious incidents marred the demonstration, but a continued campaign was expected.



AFTER THE THUNDERSTORM WHICH BROUGHT DEATH TO TWO, AND INJURY TO SOME FORTY, RACEGOERS AT ROYAL ASCOT: AMBULANCES AND RESCUE-WORKERS IN THE STRICKEN ENCLOSURE.

On July 14 the sun shone brilliantly for the Royal Ascot Meeting; the crowds were in joyous mood and all seemed set fair. Suddenly, just after the race for the Gold Vase had been run, the sky darkened, thunder was heard and rain began. People were taking shelter, when a violent flash of lightning was seen and a section of the crowd on the far side of the course, opposite to the Royal Enclosure, was

seen to fall. The lightning apparently had struck the wire fence round No. 2 enclosure and then gone to earth under the lee of a tea tent where people were sheltering. Assistance for the casualties—who numbered some forty-four—was organised. Police, St. John Ambulance men and nurses, and Course officials at once began first aid treatment, helped by volunteers. Doctors attending the

meeting, some in grey top-hats and morning coats, and women in Ascot frocks crossed the course to render aid. Our photograph shows the scene with casualties being placed in an ambulance. Most of the injured were taken to the King Edward VII. Hospital, Windsor, where eighteen were detained, three seriously ill. One young married woman, who was expecting her first child in November,

was killed; and one man died in hospital. When the extent of the disaster was realised, the Stewards announced the abandonment of racing. The Duke of Norfolk, as the Queen's representative at Ascot, announced that her Majesty, who was not present, had been informed and had expressed her sympathy. In 1930 lightning struck the grand stand at Ascot and a bookmaker was killed.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WHAT a bore it is when a really beautiful plant finds its way into the wrong part of one's garden and then becomes an infernal nuisance. That is what the Welsh

poppy, *Meconopsis cambrica*, has recently done in my garden. A year or two ago a few plants of the *Meconopsis* made their appearance in the two beds, one on either side of the front-door steps on the north side of the house. How they got there I can not remember, and why I did not remove them at sight I can not imagine. All I know is that I didn't, and that now I am *dans le potage*. When there were only four or five of them I was beguiled by the beauty of their fresh, green, fernlike foliage in spring, and then in June-July by their profuse crop of clear, golden poppy flowers. Beguiled—and blinded to the equally profuse crop of seed-heads.

Last summer I had an uneasy feeling that the Welsh invasion was becoming a bit of a menace, and this year I am left in no doubt whatever. During the past few weeks *Meconopsis cambrica* has been a truly beautiful sight, a sea of soft gold, but at the expense of everything else in the two beds. The plant has become a weed, incapable of peaceful co-existence with its betters, and as such has got to be exterminated. A start was made last evening, when I found my wife hard at it, with a good barrow-load of Welsh poppy plants piled on the path on the right-hand side of the front door. The other bed has still to be dealt with.

But that is not the whole story. The dark invader had already sneaked round corners of the house and produced a sprinkling of flowering and seeding specimens under both the east and west walls. All must go. Otherwise in a few years the house would become an island, entirely surrounded by—poppies.

Was ever such fecundity? The path bordering the north beds has a green carpet a couple of feet wide composed of thousands of seedling *Meconopsis*. But that will be easy to deal with by the Borgia technique—a fine-rosed can and a solution of sodium chlorate. But it will probably take several years to clear the beds themselves and exterminate the *Meconopsis* entirely, for the ground must be stiff with fallen seeds. The only remedy will be to watch the ground carefully, and widge out or hoe off every seedling as it appears before it is able to flower and scatter fresh generations of seeds. Meanwhile, the legitimate inhabitants of the freed beds are once again visible, and will doubtless soon respond to and benefit from their liberation from their time of half-strangulation, especially, some well-established clumps of hepaticas, certain primulas, a colony of the lovely non-running and almost perpetual-flowering *Tiarella wherryi*, the attractive *Tiarella* x *Heuchera* bigeneric hybrid, and several other treasured favourites. Even some stout clumps of the rare, free-berrying form of Butcher's broom had become half-buried by the treacherous yellow peril.

I have no intention, however, of being entirely without the beautiful Welsh poppy. Fortunately, at the top of the garden there is a good space of otherwise waste ground under the shade of a big evergreen oak, and there I have started a fresh colony of the plant by sowing seeds. They are flowering this year for the first time, and their location is such that they will have little chance of escaping and making a nuisance of themselves. It is bounded on the north by a low stone boundary wall, on the east by a path and dense shrubbery shade, on the south by a mixed shrub-and-flower border, where any marauding *Meconopsis* seedlings would soon be cultivated out of existence, and on the west by kitchen garden and the gardener's hoe. In fact, far from the poppies invading westward, any invasion would be from the west. My gardener never can resist planting his rows of spring cabbage, sprouts and other greens much too far towards, and even under the shade of the evergreen oak, so that the last

YELLOW PERIL.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

few plants in each row always remain poor, spindly specimens, until I pull them out and give them to the chickens.

In that semi-shady spot the Welsh poppy is doing well, with *Anemone apennina*, woodruff, and the beautiful sub-Alpine wood rush, *Luzula nivea*, as companions. This wood rush, by the by, is a most attractive plant which one seldom sees in English gardens. It

woodland plant in sub-Alpine regions, it grows and flowers extremely well in more open and even fully sunny positions. The flowers, if gathered and dried when freshly open, will retain their ivory-white colour indefinitely, and I can imagine that they would prove invaluable to folk who delight in making winter arrangements with dehydrated flower-corpses—winter arrangements which they so often keep throughout spring and summer, too.

Visitors to Hidcote Manor (National Trust) may have noticed an extensive bed in the shade of a cedar tree near the house, planted with nothing but the yellow Welsh poppy and the long-flowering *Viola cornuta*. A delightful piece of planting, which has remained untouched since Major Lawrence Johnston first took over the garden some forty years ago.

Sedum dasyphyllum album has spread rapidly in my garden during the past few years, but as it remains almost exclusively on the old stone walls I do not mind how much it spreads. I found a solitary specimen of this stonecrop growing on a rock in a mountain village in the Maritime Alps many years ago, and took a minute portion of it which travelled home with me in a matchbox. A charming, small, neat thing it is, which forms tight dollops of foliage looking like clusters of small, round, grey-green beads. By one means and another, pieces of it got disturbed about the walls, on the rock garden, and any and every single scrap, even a solitary bead-like leaf, is ready to take root and form a plant.

In July the plants froth up into flower—and froth surely is exactly the right word to describe the light, almost translucent patches of white blossom with an undertone of pale green foliage beneath. It looks almost as though someone had been making too free with one of the modern detergents, which has then been blown about the place by a sudden wind. I never cared for the ordinary type *Sedum dasyphyllum* with its rather off-white flowers, but this albino variety is a great favourite of mine.

The verbasicum which goes by the name *Verbasicum brousa* is flowering in my garden for the first time, and a magnificent thing it is. I saw it first in the late Ernest Ballard's nursery some years ago, and later had a specimen in my garden which for a time looked very promising and then . . . The plant is a biennial. That original specimen grew into a hearty specimen with a great rosette of leaves which looked as though made of almost snow-white felt. When it measured between 2 ft. across, a gale of wind blew the plant clean out of the ground and carried it half-way across the garden. There it lay at the far end of a lawn looking for all the world like an Aylesbury duck which some fox had killed, mauled and then dropped. That was the end of my first *brousa*. Last summer a friend gave me another specimen, a youngish seedling, which I planted in a border where it got shelter from tree pæonies. It developed rapidly, and is now in full beauty, a stately 7-ft. spike, with half-a-dozen minor side-stems, the whole thing thickly clothed from top to bottom with a deep mantle of soft, silver-white down, and studded with big, soft, yellow blossoms deeply and almost stemlessly embedded in the down.

The plant is a biennial, and doubtless seeds as freely as most other verbasicums, and I expect it will be even more effective in the garden when self-sown seedlings are about. These should grow with even greater splendour than my solitary transplanted specimen. It will then be a case of just hoeing out surplus seedlings and any which have sprung up in tactless places. I have been told that *brousa* is not this fine plant's correct name, though I was not told what it should be called. Meanwhile, it answers to *brousa*, and is rapidly becoming known as such. Some day, doubtless, its real name will be revealed, and we will have to learn the lesson all over again—until yet another re-christening takes place.



OF THE NAMING—AND IDENTIFYING—OF MULLEINS, THERE IS NO END; AND THIS MULLEIN, IDENTIFIED AS *VERBASCUM OLYMPICUM*, HAS MUCH IN COMMON WITH THE *VERBASCUM BROUSA* MENTIONED BY MR. ELLIOTT—"A STATELY 7-FT. SPIKE, WITH HALF-A-DOZEN MINOR SIDE-STEMS, THE WHOLE THING THICKLY CLOTHED . . . WITH A DEEP MANTLE OF SOFT, SILVER-WHITE DOWN, AND STUDDED WITH BIG, SOFT, YELLOW BLOSSOMS . . ."



"A CHARMING, SMALL, NEAT THING IT IS, WHICH FORMS TIGHT DOLLOPS OF FOLIAGE LOOKING LIKE CLUSTERS OF SMALL, ROUND, GREY-GREEN BEADS. . . IN JULY THE PLANTS FROTH UP INTO FLOWER." A POT-GROWN SPECIMEN OF *SEDUM DASYPHYLLUM ALBUM*.

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

grows like a tussocky grass and in June-July sends up graceful, slender stems from 18 ins. to 2 ft. tall, each carrying a conspicuous cluster-head of ivory-white flowers. It is a first-rate thing for naturalising in shady places, and would be splendid as occasional ground cover in the woodland garden among rhododendrons and other shrubs. Although naturally a

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WORKS BY AN ENGLISH MARINE PAINTER AT GUILDHALL: SAMUEL SCOTT.



"STUDY OF A SHIP'S BOAT"; BY SAMUEL SCOTT (c. 1702-1772), A FINE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING ON VIEW AT GUILDHALL ART GALLERY.
(Brush and wash; 4½ by 9½ ins.) (Sir Bruce S. Ingram, O.B.E., M.C.)



"SHIP'S BOAT, WITH OFFICERS AND SEAMEN," A STUDY FOR THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM PAINTING "A FLAGSHIP SHORTENING SAIL." SIGNED AND DATED 1736.
(Water-colour and pencil; 6½ by 13½ ins.) (Mr. L. G. Duke, C.B.E.)



"CALM, WITH MEN-O'-WAR OFF SHORE FIRING A SALUTE," A FINE SEA PIECE WITH A PARTICULARLY LOVELY CALM SEA UNDER A SUMMER SKY.
(Oil on canvas; 28½ by 49½ ins.) (Sir Bruce S. Ingram, O.B.E., M.C.)



"THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, CIRCA 1740," SHOWING FOUNTAIN COURT AS IT WAS; AND A DISTANT VIEW OF THE THAMES.
(Oil on canvas; 23½ by 41½ ins.) (Colonel the Hon. J. J. Astor.)



"ENTRANCE TO THE FLEET RIVER," A PAINTING SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF CANALETTO, WHO CAME TO LONDON IN 1746 AND HAD AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS.
(Oil on canvas; 23 by 44 ins.) (The Corporation of London.)



"THE THAMES IN LONDON," THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S SAILING HIGH ABOVE THE WAREHOUSE ROOFS, AND THE TOWER OF LONDON IN THE DISTANCE (CENTRE).
(Oil on canvas; 14½ by 17½ ins.) (Mr. Pierre Jeannerat.)

THE Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by Samuel Scott (c. 1702-1772), which opened at Guildhall Art Gallery on July 12 and is to continue until August 6, consists of a selection of marine, landscape and topographical paintings, and drawings lent from a number of private collections and public galleries. Samuel Scott is one of the most attractive of the "Little Masters" of the English School; and, as is pointed out in the foreword to the catalogue, he "owes something to the Van de Veldes in his marine work, and a lot to Canaletto in his choice of subject matter, and the introduction of figures and other 'properties' into his pictures; but he is still Scott—sometimes styled 'The English

(Continued on right.)



"MEN-O'-WAR IN THE THAMES," ONE OF THE DRAWINGS EXHIBITED IN THE CURRENT SHOW OF WORKS BY SAMUEL SCOTT AT GUILDHALL ART GALLERY. (Pen and Indian ink wash; 7½ by 12 ins.) (Mr. Gilbert Davis.)

Continued.] Canaletto,' but only because he was a parallel and a contemporary. . . . Scott's fame rests on his achievements in the realm of landscape, seascape and topographical painting at a time when the reputation of the English school rested largely on its portrait painters." The artist, who was born in London, was a friend of Hogarth and, it will be recalled, formed one of the party for the famous water excursion to Gravesend in 1732. He enjoyed a prosperous career in London, then lived at Twickenham, and on his retirement went to Bath, where he died.



IF you or I, having inherited an unexpected fortune, decided to roam about the world for a few months broadening our minds and poking into odd corners on the chance of finding fine early silver, I imagine one of the last places we should visit would be the island of St. Helena. We should no doubt disembark there if opportunity offered, if only to breathe the air of Longwood and to reflect upon the fate of one who, in his time no less than Caesar, did bestride the narrow world like a Colossus. A sad place it would seem to me, this circumscribed rock in the midst of the ocean where so acute a mind as that of Napoleon spent the last six years of its activity, with no future, only a past, for distraction. But perhaps that is a foolishly sentimental point of view; the thing is that if we did disembark we should probably fall under the spell of the Napoleonic legend and pay little attention to anything else.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. J. R. Sidebotham, of the Colonial Office, for reminding me that St. Helena had a long life of its own long before Napoleon was heard of, and for sending me the photograph of this *Tazza* (Figs. 1 and 3) disinterred from a cupboard in the island's cathedral. The Dutch were the first to occupy St. Helena but in 1651 lost interest in it after they had established their colony at the Cape of Good Hope. Everyone knows of the rivalry of England and Holland at the time, and it is not surprising to read that as soon as the Dutch walked out our own East India Company walked in. The Company obtained two charters from Oliver Cromwell's Government confirming the annexation, and then, feeling



FIG. 1. THE ST. HELENA *Tazza* RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN A CUPBOARD OF THE ISLAND'S CATHEDRAL: A PIECE OF SECULAR PLATE, 1660, AFTER SKILFUL RESTORATION. (Dia., 13 ins. approx.)

The St. Helena so-called *Tazza*, whose discovery is described on this page, is a piece of secular plate of the year 1660, maker "P.D." It had suffered damage, through being used as an alms-dish, no doubt; but has now been skilfully repaired by Hancocks and Co., and is being returned to St. Helena.

the title to be somewhat shaky after the Restoration, obtained a further charter from Charles II. dated April 3, 1661, which gave it full powers to govern, fortify and colonise. Nothing much remains of this early period beyond a part of the fort built in 1673 to replace the original fort constructed by Governor Dutton, which is supposed to have been incorporated in the basement of the Castle, now the Government Offices in Jamestown—that and this *Tazza*. But I must allow my correspondent to describe exactly what happened:

It has been my good fortune to visit St. Helena twice and on each occasion to spend some weeks there on official duty. My second visit was in March 1955, and while there I took the opportunity to examine, with the Bishop's permission, a chalice, paten and flagon which I had first seen in 1939 and had subsequently confirmed through the kind assistance of the Richmond Herald as bearing on the chalice the arms of the Pike family. On seeing them again I found all three pieces were of London make and bear the date letter for 1735—i.e., during the period of Governor Pike's second term of office under the East India Company. This was itself of interest as, so far as I am aware, the connection of this Communion plate with the Governor's term of office had not previously been established.

But the Bishop had kept the best till the last, though he and I were quite unaware of the fact when he told me

that the country church (the Cathedral of St. Helena) possessed an old dish of the date and origin of which he had no record and no one could tell him anything. Could I help? He then produced from a cupboard what I was able to identify at once as a *tazza* of the reign of Charles II.

A careful examination subsequently at the Governor's residence confirmed this, as the *tazza* is very plainly marked C: date letter for 1660, Lion (on the rim of the *tazza* and twice on the base), leopard's head crowned and maker's initials P.D. Here, then, is a find dating right back to the Colony's earliest history under the East India Company. I have failed to find any reference to this interesting relic in my extensive reading of the literature on St. Helena or in unpublished records which I have consulted, and it seems to me unlikely that it was brought to the colony at any recent date. It has suffered damage, the embossed rim having been broken away in places, and the base also, as the result, I surmise, of its having been used as an alms dish, for which purpose, as a piece of secular plate, it was never designed.

It seems, then, more than likely that this splendid piece of silver was brought out to the colony during the earliest years of its existence.

And now a small grumble upon the use and abuse of words. Why is such a thing as this invariably called a *Tazza*?—that is, a shallow wine cup on a stem (compare the French *tasse* and the Scottish *tassie*). We have adapted the Italian word for two or three generations to describe almost any kind of dish or salver upon a central foot, so that what probably began as an ignorant affectation has now been sanctified by use. Am I too late to start a crusade to purify the language?

The other photograph on this page (Fig. 2) comes from nearer home—from Ireland—and to many it may seem somewhat insignificant; amateurs of old glass will, however, at first raise disbelieving eyebrows exactly as the present owner did when he caught sight of it in a Dublin saleroom. It is a sweetmeat glass of about 1760, English, the bowl and foot of brilliant sapphire blue, the stem a colour twist,

eighteenth century of any kind, of any importance. Yet to anyone familiar with the sweetmeat glasses of about 1760 in clear glass, the form, weight, character of metal and of the colour-twist stem—all proclaimed beyond doubt the English (or conceivably Irish) origin of this glass." Is there still unidentified silver in the churches of our older overseas possessions? Have all the cupboards of all the vestries from Africa across the Seven Seas been thoroughly searched? And who knows what remains unknown in odd corners of Ireland?—will there be further evidence of the manufacture of sapphire-blue glass during the eighteenth century?

Details of these two discoveries reached me almost by the same post, and my Irish correspondent finished with a triumphant and deliberate misquotation from Pliny—"Ex Hibernia semper aliquid novi!" He was unaware that Pliny's original remark about Africa still holds true—at least, I suppose we can claim the South



FIG. 2. A REMARKABLE FIND IN A DUBLIN SALEROOM: AN ENGLISH SWEETMEAT GLASS, c.1760, THE BOWL AND FOOT OF SAPPHIRE BLUE. (Height, 7½ ins.)

No coloured English sweetmeat glasses of 1760 are recorded, but the form, weight, character of metal, and of the colour-twist stem proclaim beyond doubt the English (or conceivably Irish) origin of this piece, which was discovered in a Dublin saleroom.

Atlantic island of St. Helena as part of the continent.

Yet, after all, so wide is the world, it is not really surprising that extraordinary things should occasionally turn up in unexpected places. Many an official of the old East India Company would doubtless take with him to his distant station a few pieces of silver to add dignity to his table and to remind him of home, and by no means every one of them would be brought back. By the time death or promotion or retirement caught up with him he might well have made a present of them to some individual or, as in this case, to the local church. As to coloured glass, English or Irish, though much of it seems to have been made, it was never greatly in favour; for one thing, for wine glasses it is an insult to good wine and does nothing to improve bad, and I can imagine that this prejudice was transferred to its use for glass

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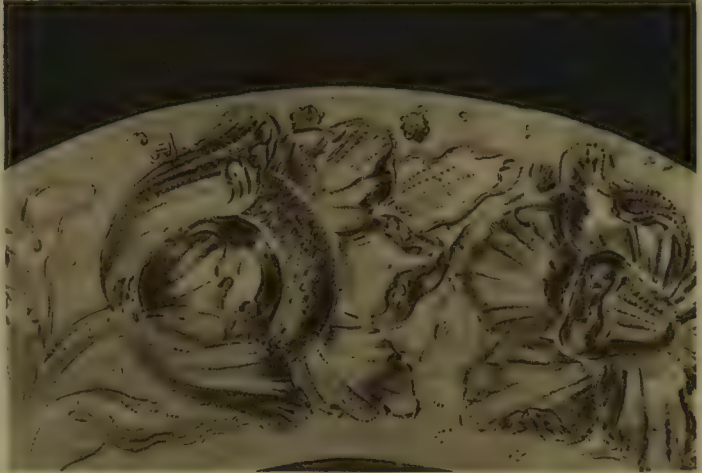


FIG. 3. SHOWING THE DATE LETTER FOR 1660 C, LION, LEOPARD'S HEAD CROWNED AND MAKER'S INITIALS "P.D."; DETAIL OF THE ST. HELENA *Tazza*.

The broad chased and engraved rim of the St. Helena *Tazza* bears the date letter for 1660 and maker's initials, Lion, and Leopard's Head Crowned. Mr. J. R. Sidebotham, who discovered it, has had it restored by Hancocks and Co., and is returning it to St. Helena.

vessels intended, as was this sweetmeat glass, for another purpose, so it is not difficult to see how such things only survive in remote corners. (This particular piece, by the way, is thought to have appeared in a Galway sale a quarter of a century ago.) I wonder what will be the next discovery the postman will bring to my house?

HIGH BIDDING AT THE VAGLIANO SALE AT CHRISTIE'S: OUTSTANDINGLY BIG PRICES FOR FRENCH FURNITURE.



(LEFT.)
ONE OF A SET OF
LOUIS XVI. GILTWOOD
AND BEAUVAIS
TAPESTRY FURNI-
TURE, STAMPED
BAUME (MATTHIEU
BAUME M.E.), COM-
PRISING SIX FAU-
TEUILS AND TWO
CANAPÉS—SOLD FOR
£1365.



(RIGHT.)
ONE OF A SET OF
LOUIS XVI. GILTWOOD
FURNITURE UPHOL-
STERED IN BEAUVAIS
TAPESTRY WOVEN
WITH LA FONTAINE
FABLE SUBJECTS—
COMPRISING TEN
FAUTEUILS AND A
CANAPÉ—SOLD FOR
£1732 10S.



A LOUIS XV.-XVI. MARQUETRY SMALL TABLE, STAMPED N. PETIT M.E. IN TWO PLACES, THE PANELS INLAID IN VARIOUS WOODS, THE TOP INSET WITH A SÈVRES PORCELAIN PLAQUE—SOLD FOR £1102 10S.



A LOUIS XVI. MARQUETRY UPRIGHT SECRÉTAIRE (SECRÉTAIRE À ABATTANT) STAMPED M. CARLIN M.E. ON THE BACK IN TWO PLACES, MOUNTED WITH ORMOLU, AND WITH AN INSET CARRARA MARBLE SLAB ON THE TOP—SOLD FOR £3996.



A LOUIS XVI. LACQUER BUREAU-À-CYLINDRE, THE PANELS COVERED IN FRENCH LACQUER WITH A DESIGN OF ORIENTAL FIGURES—STAMPED C.C. SAUNIER—SOLD FOR £2940.



A LOUIS XV. MARQUETRY TABLE, STAMPED N. PETIT M.E. IN TWO PLACES, WITH SLIGHTLY SERPENTINE-SHAPED TOP, THE PANEL TO THE TOP INLAID IN VARIOUS WOODS—SOLD FOR £1627 10S.

L IVELY bidding was expected when the Vagliano collection of French Furniture and Continental Porcelain, works of art, textiles and rugs came up for sale at Christie's on July 14; and even the most optimistic forecasts were not disappointed, for a total of £48,000 was reached for the 161 lots. The highest price of the session—£8190—was paid by How, of Edinburgh, for a pair of Nymphenburg porcelain figures, but the furniture also made startlingly large sums. Messrs. How gave £3996 for the splendid Louis XVI. marquetry secrétaire-d'abattant—the work of that great ébéniste M. Carlin; and purchased for £2940 a

[Continued below.]



A LOUIS XVI. MARQUETRY BONHEUR-DU-JOUR, STAMPED R. LACROIX M.E. IN TWO PLACES, THE RAISED CABINET AT THE TOP FITTED WITH AN OPEN SECTION—SOLD FOR £1837 10S.

Continued.]
Louis XVI. bureau-d-cylindre, the panels to the front and side covered in French lacquer, with a design of Oriental figures, birds and landscapes, by C. C. Saunier. A Louis XVI. bonheur-du-jour, by R. Lacroix, went to Messrs. Blairman for £1837 10s., and Mr. Koblitiz paid £1732 10s. for a suite of Louis XVI. giltwood furniture covered

in Beauvais tapestry with subjects from La Fontaine; and £1365 for another set of six fauteuils of the same period stamped Baume and a pair of canapés. Mr. Ben Simon, of Paris, bought a Louis XV. marquetry table by N. Petit for £1627 10s.; and Mr. Staal paid £1102 10s. for a Louis XV.-XVI. table.

WHEN THE FLEET RIVER BROUGHT DISEASE TO LONDON: SEWERS OF THE CAPITAL 100 YEARS AGO.



SHOWING THE CHUTES FROM THE HOUSES ON EITHER SIDE DISCHARGING DOMESTIC WASTE INTO THE STREAM: THE FLEET RIVER IN 1844, A MENACE TO HEALTH.



A RURAL SCENE WITHOUT VIRTUE: THE FLEET RIVER NEAR ST. PANCRAS IN 1825, CARRYING ALL MANNER OF DISEASE INTO THE HEART OF LONDON. AS BUILDING PROGRESSED, THE EVIL STREAM WAS BRICKED IN, AS WERE OTHERS OF LONDON'S OPEN DRAINS.



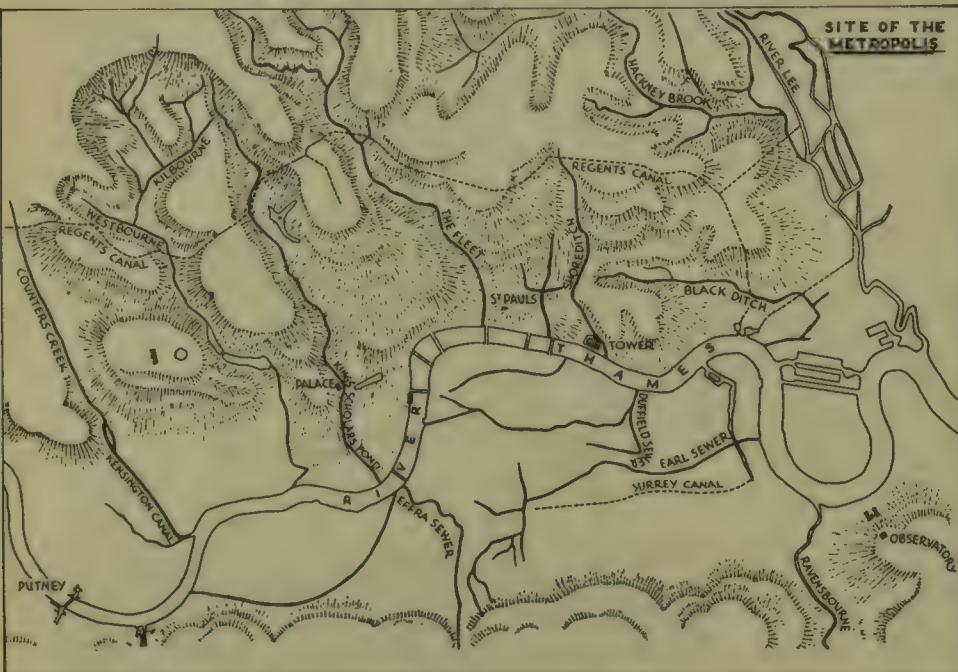
SKETCHED NEAR ITS HAMPSTEAD SOURCE: THE FLEET RIVER, AS SEEN BY AN ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS ARTIST. FROM THE ISSUE OF JANUARY 21, 1854.



FLOWING COMPLETELY UNDERGROUND FROM HAMPSTEAD TO BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE: THE FLEET RIVER OF TO-DAY, PURGED OF ALL DANGER TO THE CITY IT SERVES.



REPAIRING THE FLEET SEWER AT ONE OF ITS COVERED PORTIONS: A SKETCH FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF JANUARY 21, 1854. THE DESCRIPTION SAYS: "IT PROBABLY RECEIVES AND DISCHARGES MORE SEWAGE WATER THAN ANY OTHER SEWER IN THE METROPOLIS."



SHOWING AN EARLY SCHEME FOR THE DISPOSAL OF LONDON'S SEWAGE: A MAP COPIED FROM THE DESCRIPTION OF CAPTAIN JAMES VETCH'S PLANS, CIRCA 1851.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the sewerage system of London was a national disgrace. Domestic refuse travelled along open sewers, such as the Fleet River, flowing, if such a vile stream could be said to flow, from Hampstead to its Thames opening near Blackfriars Bridge. Cholera was rife, and was generally believed to be due to the "noxious effluvia" [sic] of the drains, until Dr. John Snow proved, by 1854, that it was caused by the use of contaminated water. Gradually, with the encroachment of new building projects, the sewers were bricked in, and the horrible cesspools which sprawled beneath hundreds of London tenements, spreading disease into the overcrowded rooms above, were abolished. Commissions were appointed to inquire into the evil; public indignation grew.



ONE OF THE FEW NATURAL WATERCOURSES LEFT IN LONDON STILL FLOWING ABOVE GROUND: THE RIVER WANDLE, WHICH RUNS INTO THE THAMES NEAR WANDSWORTH BRIDGE.

Nothing very much was done, however, until 1855, when the Government set up a new authority, the Metropolitan Board of Works. The engineer of the Board, Joseph Bazalgette, submitted plans for preventing sewage from flowing into the Thames in or near the Metropolis. His scheme was finally adopted after a further Act of 1858. It proposed three intercepting sewers on the north side of the river and two on the south, traversing London roughly west to east, and carrying the flow of sewage to outfalls at Barking on the north side and Crossness on the south; it entailed the construction of over a hundred miles of sewers, and pumping stations at several points. Completed in 1875, it marked the beginning of the scientific disposal of London's sewage, and the end of centuries of tolerated filth.



OPENING UP A SLUICE IN A WANDSWORTH WEIR: BY THIS FORM OF CONTROL, A WALL OF WATER CAN BE RELEASED TO WASH AWAY AN ACCUMULATION OF SLUDGE.



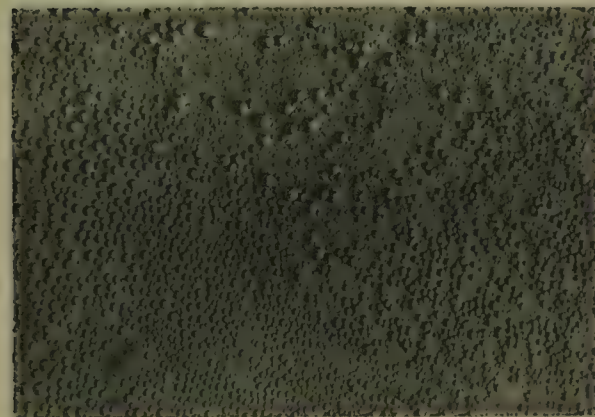
LOWERING A LAMP INTO A SEWER TO TEST FOR GAS BEFORE DESCENDING THEMSELVES. IF THE LAMP GLOWS RED, IT WARNS MEN OF THE DRAINAGE SERVICE THAT GAS IS PRESENT.



WEARING BREATHING APPARATUS, A DRAINAGE SERVICE GANGER ENTERS A SECTION OF A SEWER TO TEST THE AIR BEFORE PASSING IT AS SAFE FOR HIS FELLOWS.



(ABOVE.) A SLUDGE-CARRYING VESSEL WITH A CAPACITY OF 1560 TONS, THE S.S. EDWARD CRUSE, WHICH WAS LAUNCHED IN 1954.



(LEFT.) A CONSTANT DANGER TO DRAINAGE MEN: BUBBLES OF THE DEADLY METHANE GAS, WHICH HAS TO BE PUMPED AWAY BEFORE CLEARAGE WORK CAN CONTINUE.



MENACING LONDON'S SEWAGE SYSTEM: DAMAGE CAUSED BY ENEMY AIR ATTACK, WHEN A BOMB FELL IN ONE OF THE PUMP WELLS AT ABBEY MILLS PUMPING STATION, 1940.



EXAMINING THE CONDITION OF A SEWER: THREE MEN WITH TORCHES CRAWL INTO THE PERPETUAL NIGHT OF LONDON'S GREAT DRAINS.



WADING THIGH-DEEP IN THE WATERS, TWO OF THE DRAINAGE MEN MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE SEWERS, SPLASHING WATER ON THE ROOF AS THEY GO, TO WASH OFF LOOSE DIRT AND OTHER ACCRETIONS. TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY MEN KEEP LONDON'S SEWERS FREE FROM OBSTRUCTION.

CLEARING LONDON'S UNDERGROUND RIVERS: ASPECTS OF A MODERN DRAINAGE SERVICE, NOW A CENTURY OLD.

This year, the Main Drainage service of the L.C.C. celebrates its centenary. Its history covers not only a hundred years of scientific and engineering achievement, but also of public consciousness of the necessity of a clean and healthy drainage system. How that system operates has recently been revealed in an admirable booklet, "Centenary of London's Main Drainage," published by the L.C.C., on sale at County Hall and at booksellers. Nine hundred men operate the system of 400 miles of sewers, 220 of them working underground on a job not altogether free from the dangers of drowning, asphyxiation or explosions in the sewers through faulty drain connections or leaking petrol. Their work includes the removal of

detritus—chiefly sand and grit washed into the sewers off the road surface—and the inspection, cleansing and minor maintenance of the sewers. They wear special clothing, sometimes accompanied by breathing apparatus and such special instruments as the "Spiralarm" or "Ringrose" lamp and lead acetate papers to establish the presence or absence of explosive, inflammable or asphyxiating gases. These men of London's underground, scarcely ever seen or written about, are the core of a great public service, preserving the health of a metropolitan community which, a century ago, fell easy prey to the many diseases spread through the horrible inadequacy of unscientific drainage.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IN his "London's Natural History," R. S. R. Fitter recalls how the city, after having been sacked several times by the Danes, was rebuilt by King Alfred. It was no longer brick-built but a city of wooden walls and thatched roofs. Fitter continues: "Thereafter the city was laid waste by fire with almost monotonous regularity, in 982, 1077, 1087 and 1136, for example, while in many other years substantial damage was caused by fire. . . . In 1203 it was said that birds were seen flying in the air with burning coals in their bills, which set light to many houses in London, but it is hard to believe that this represents anything but the bright idea of some thirteenth-century journalist in the silly season."

Ladies and gentlemen, it is my honour to speak in defence of my thirteenth-century colleagues, and I call *Corbie* as witness.

Last week on this page I introduced *Corbie*, the tame rook, and described how he will pick up ants with his beak and rub them under his wings. This is no new phenomenon. It is a trick, known as anting, which has now been observed in about half-a-hundred different birds. When anting, a bird adopts a characteristic posture, which is unmistakable. The wings are arched and the tips brought slightly forward. The tail is fanned and its owner tries to bring it forward and slightly to one side. The action is so vigorous and out-of-balance that an anting bird will frequently topple over.

Although we speak of this trick as anting, birds have been seen to do precisely the same thing using moth-balls, lemon peel, hot ashes, vinegar, and so on. Jackdaws and starlings can be seen anting in the smoke from chimneys. Even when ants are not being used, the term "anting" is still permissible, for the posture adopted is exactly the same. As I have said, this posture is characteristic and unmistakable.

When last I wrote of *Corbie* I told how he will take a non-safety match in his toes, peck at it until

BIRDS AS FIRE-RAISERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

to the perch nearest to me and, bending forward and putting his beak through the wires, will virtually ask for the cigarette. That is to say, although he will not solicit in the usual way, there is no question at all



CORBIE, "THE TAME ROOK," IN THE TYPICAL "ANTING" ATTITUDE, WITH WINGS ARCHED AND TAIL FANNED, RUBBING THE ASH FROM A CIGARETTE-END UNDER HIS WINGS. [Photograph by Humphrey Cull.]

Corbie, the rook, will "ant" with smoke or flame from a match, picking off the smoke or flame (or so he "thinks") and rubbing these under his wings. So long as there is a trickle of smoke he will take beakfuls of it and then pass his beak across the undersides of his wings. The preliminary to "anting" is the inflation of the food pouch under the base of the beak.

that he is putting himself in the most favourable position possible to take the cigarette if it is proffered.

If he is handed the cigarette he will immediately ant with it, usually so vigorously that the lighted end

of the tobacco is rubbed out and falls to the ground. When this happens, he will fly down to the ground and, as long as a trickle of smoke is rising from the tobacco, will pick off beakfuls of smoke and pass his beak across the undersides of his wings. Incidentally, he almost always starts with the left wing.

I have tested him with various forms of cigarette. An unlighted cigarette he will take and tear to pieces, impatiently it seems, almost as if disgusted—but that may be my imagination. At all events, there is no

anting posture. If the cigarette has been lighted but has gone out, he will take it and ant with the cold ash. He will ant even more vigorously if the ash is still warm. If a lighted cigarette is held so that the smoke drifts into the aviary he will peck at the smoke wisps and ant with the imaginary beakfuls. He will do the

same with smoke from any source, from smouldering rag or paper.

Corbie first learned his trick of lighting matches in a house where non-safety matches in the standard size of box were being used. It is easy to see how this should have come about, for a favourite pastime with him is to try opening boxes or tins, or anything with a lid. It is my habit to use non-safety matches in the larger, flatter type of box. It was hardly to be expected that a rook would recognise for a matchbox an object larger, of a different shape and with a different pattern and colour. However, the first time I took a box of this particular brand of match out of my pocket, while near his aviary, he came over and solicited it. Now, when I merely show him the box his wings will come out in an incipient attitude of anting.

It must not be supposed that I am for ever giving *Corbie* matches or lighted cigarettes, but I have deliberately tested his reactions to varying objects under varying circumstances. Thus, I held a lighted match beside the wire of his aviary to see what he would do. At the mere sight of it he started to ant. Then he put his beak through the wires and pecked off pieces of the flame, anting vigorously with these imaginary pieces as long as the match continued to burn. When it went out and a wisp of smoke ascended from it, he tried to pick this up; and finally he anted with the charred end of the match.

Having re-read Mr. Fitter's words quoted at the beginning, I set fire to a handful of straw in the corner of *Corbie's* aviary. He picked up the "burning coals" in his bill and flew off with them, to ant by holding one in his toes and pecking at the burning straw. (Incidentally, he never seems to be the slightest hurt or inconvenienced in the course of these performances.)

Corbie tells me that his ancestors have always done these things and, watching him, I can picture mediæval London, with one house afire and the rooks and jackdaws flying off with burning straws, settling on other thatched roofs to ant and so spreading the conflagration. One can imagine also a thatch being



CORBIE ABOUT TO PICK OFF THE LIGHTED END OF A MATCH. Photograph by Neave Parker.

the head bursts into flames, then pick up the burning match and rub it under his wings. Other tricks described were anting in the smoke of an open grate, switching on an electric fire to ant in front of it, and, of course, using ants. All these tricks are wholly self-taught, tricks acquired in his first home.

For some weeks now *Corbie* has been installed in a large aviary in my garden, where people are constantly passing and re-passing. He is therefore in the continual company of human beings, and nobody passes him without talking to him or offering him tit-bits to eat or small items to play with, but all the wide range of his antics is in sharp contrast with his behaviour whenever he is within range of an object associated with fire or smoke. His behaviour then is so marked that it is not over-stating the case to describe him as having almost an obsession for these things. For example, if I pass him and am not smoking, he will "talk" to me, he may even display to me, but he does not necessarily approach me. If, on the other hand, I am smoking, he will come across the aviary



CORBIE PICKING AT THE SMOKE AT THE END OF A NEWLY-EXTINGUISHED MATCH. Photograph by Neave Parker.

fired by some mediæval *Corbie* stealing a hot charcoal from a domestic fire, flying on to the nearest roof to ant and starting another of the recurrent fires of London.

Far from deriding the mediæval journalist, I am prepared to let my mind wander on this theme. *Corbie* is not the first bird, by a long way, to have been observed anting with smoke, live embers, hot ashes or lighted cigarettes. So one wonders, how many heath or grass fires, or even burnt hayricks or thatched cottages, may have been set going, not by a cigarette thrown directly on combustible material, but one thrown down on a "safe" place. The glowing embers of a fire, from garden rubbish, say, left in a "safe" place could be carried off. It may be a chance in a million, but there are millions of cigarettes smoked, millions of fires lighted and millions of birds. We may have here an explanation of some of the mysterious outbreaks of fire that occur from time to time.

Perhaps I should break off here, lest some future R. S. R. Fitter, a thousand years hence, pours scorn on me.

"THE WHALE'S TOOTH TAMBUA OF FIJI."

WE are informed that the article published on page 1054 of our issue of December 26, 1953, headed "The Tambua of Fiji," is a reproduction of one written by Mr. Frederick D. McCarthy which appeared in the issue of the "Australian Museum Magazine" of September 15, 1953, under the title "The Whale's Tooth Tambua of Fiji," the copyright of which, and in four of the five photographs which accompanied it, we acknowledge belongs to the Trustees of the Australian Museum, and which we regret was inadvertently infringed.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



APPOINTED BRITISH MINISTER IN WASHINGTON: MR. J. E. COULSON. The Foreign Office announced on July 11 that Mr. Coulson, an Assistant Under-Secretary of State, has been appointed British Minister in Washington in succession to Sir Robert Scott. Mr. Coulson, who is forty-five, has previously served in Bucharest and Paris, and as Sir Gladwyn Jebb's deputy on the British delegation to the United Nations.



RESIGNED FROM HIS PARTY'S FUEL COMMITTEE: MR. GERALD NABARRO.

It was announced on July 12 that Mr. Nabarro, M.P. for Kidderminster, had resigned the Joint Secretaryship of the Conservative Fuel and Power Committee as a protest against the policy of the Minister of Fuel, of whom he has been a frequent critic in the House of Commons.



A SCOTTISH LORD JUSTICE-GENERAL DIES: LORD COOPER.

Lord Cooper, who died in Edinburgh on July 15, aged sixty-two, was Lord Justice-General of Scotland from 1947 until his retirement owing to ill-health in December 1954. A former National Unionist M.P., he also served as Solicitor-General for Scotland, as Lord Advocate, and as chairman of the Committee on Hydro-Electric Schemes for Scotland.



APPOINTED DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE G.P.O.: SIR GORDON RADLEY

The Deputy Director-General of the Post Office, Sir Gordon Radley, has been appointed Director-General in succession to Sir Alexander Little, it was announced on July 11. Sir Gordon, who is fifty-seven, was previously Engineer-in-Chief. He takes up his new appointment in October.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF BERMUDA: SIR JOHN WOODALL.

The Secretary for the Colonies announced on July 5 that Lieut.-General Sir John Woodall had been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda; he succeeds Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Hood. Sir John, who is fifty-eight, is at present General Officer Commanding, Northern Ireland District, and, since 1954, Colonel-Commandant, Royal Artillery.



DISPLAYING HER FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE MEDAL AWARD: SISTER ELLA JORDEN. The Nightingale Medal, awarded every two years for exceptional devotion to duty by nurses, was presented on July 15 to Sister Ella Jorden at the British Red Cross Society's headquarters. Sister Jorden has served in Korea, China, Jordan, Germany and Malaya.



ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT WITH HER THREE CHILDREN FROM PRAGUE: MRS. PHYLLIS SISPERA.

Mrs. Sispara, whose return from Czechoslovakia was permitted recently by the Czech authorities, reached London Airport on July 15 with her three children. Dismissing as "lies" the account of her conduct given by the Czechoslovak Embassy in London, she told of the hardships endured by her and other women prisoners when she was detained for attempting to escape the country.

RESIGNED FROM THE U.S. CABINET: MRS. OVETA CULP HOBBY. On July 13 Mrs. Hobby, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, the only woman member of the U.S. Cabinet, resigned her post because of the ill-health of her husband. She had been strongly criticised for her handling of the Salk poliomyelitis vaccine programme. Mrs. Hobby is fifty.



IN CHARGE OF THE BACKGROUND WORK AT THE GENEVA CONFERENCE: MR. PETER WILKINSON, THE BRITISH SECRETARY-GENERAL.

Responsible for the secretarial side of the Geneva Conference is Mr. Peter Wilkinson, of the British Embassy in Washington, photographed above in the Palais des Nations. He reported that all the early decisions of the Four-Power secretariat had been discussed fully and taken unanimously.



PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER THEIR SPLENDID VICTORY AT OLD TRAFFORD: THE WINNING SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS.

When J. H. B. Waite, who had hit a century in the first innings, drove Tyson to the off-side boundary, with only five minutes remaining, on the fifth and last day (July 12), South Africa had won the Third Test match at Old Trafford, Manchester, by three wickets, and reduced England's lead in the rubber to 2-1. The final Tests will be at Leeds and at Kennington Oval. The South African team, photographed above, are: (L. to r., standing) H. Keith, T. Goddard, P. Heine, P. Winslow and N. Adcock. (L. to r., front) P. Mansell, R. McLean, W. Endean, D. McGlew (captaining the team in Cheetham's absence), H. Tayfield and J. Waite.



ELECTED CHAIRMAN OF THE PRESS COUNCIL: SIR LINTON ANDREWS.

The Press Council unanimously elected Sir Linton Andrews, Editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, as its chairman on July 12 in succession to Colonel the Hon. J. J. Astor, who has resigned because of ill-health. Sir Linton is sixty-nine.



CHAIRIED BY FELLOW-COMPETITORS AT BISLEY AFTER WINNING THE QUEEN'S PRIZE: MR. L. R. FENWICK.

With 286 points out of a possible score of 300, Mr. Fenwick, seen above being chaired by fellow-competitors, won the Queen's Prize at Bisley on July 16. Mr. Fenwick, a motor engineer, who is forty-one, learned to shoot as a wartime Home Guard. Mr. F. Reynolds, of Devon, was runner-up with 285 points.



INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR ON HIS ARRIVAL AT SINGAPORE: SIR ROBERT BLACK, THE NEW GOVERNOR AND C.-IN-C.

A former Colonial Secretary at Hong Kong, Sir Robert Brown Black was installed as the new Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Singapore at a ceremony on July 3. He succeeded Sir John Nicoll in that post. Sir Robert, who is forty-nine, referred in his installation speech to the need for "resolution, calm deliberation and common sense" in tackling Singapore's problems. Before the ceremony, he inspected a guard of honour.



ARRIVING AT NORTHOLT AIRPORT TO ATTEND THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: PRINCE BERNHARD WITH HIS THREE ELDEST DAUGHTERS.

Accompanying Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who piloted his own aircraft into Northolt Airport on July 16, were his three daughters, seen with him in the above photograph: (l. to r.) Princess Margriet, aged twelve, Princess Beatrix, aged seventeen, and Princess Irene, aged fifteen. The Prince, with the two elder Princesses, planned to attend the International Horse Show, which opened at the White City Stadium on July 18.

STIRLING MOSS WINS EUROPE'S ONLY UNBANNED GRAND PRIX RACE: THRILLS AT AINTREE.



THE START OF THE SPORTS CAR RACE AT AINTREE: THIS EVENT OF SEVENTEEN LAPS WAS WON BY SALVADORI IN AN ASTON-MARTIN IN 37 MINS. 37.8 SECS. (81.32 M.P.H.).



THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX IN PROGRESS AT AINTREE ON JULY 16: JUAN FANGIO LEADING STIRLING MOSS AT ANCHOR CROSSING DURING THE NINETY-LAP RACE OF 270 MILES.



A THRILLING MOMENT IN LAP EIGHTEEN OF THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX: JUAN FANGIO LEADING AT TATT'S CORNER. HE AND STIRLING MOSS WERE IN THE FIRST TWO PLACES THROUGHOUT THE RACE.



THE FINISH OF THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX: THE BRITISH CHAMPION, STIRLING MOSS, CROSSING THE FINISHING-LINE WITH, BEHIND, JUAN FANGIO, BOTH DRIVING MERCEDES-BENZ CARS.

The British Grand Prix, the only Grand Prix which was not banned after the terrible Le Mans accident last month, was run before a record crowd on July 16 at Aintree in brilliant weather. It was won by twenty-five-year-old Stirling Moss, who thus becomes the first British driver to win a British Grand Prix. The Mercedes-Benz team took first, second, third and fourth places, the runner-up being the champion, Fangio, and the third, Karl Kling. The safety arrangements at Aintree were so complete and impressive for this eighth Royal Automobile



THE FIRST BRITISH WINNER OF THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX—THE ONLY UNBANNED GRAND PRIX SINCE THE LE MANS ACCIDENT: STIRLING MOSS (LEFT) BEING CONGRATULATED BY THE WORLD CHAMPION, JUAN FANGIO, RUNNER-UP.

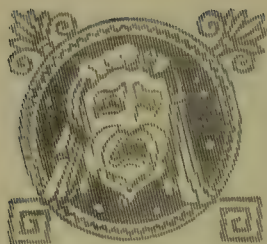
Racing Club British Grand Prix that pressure is being brought to bear on the French, Italian and Spanish Governments to allow the several Grand Prix races cancelled on account of the Le Mans accident to take place; and it is hoped that they may be run. Stirling Moss, who recently joined the Mercedes-Benz team, is only the third British driver to have won a major Grand Prix since the late Sir Henry Segrave's victory at Boulogne in 1923. They are, Dick Seaman for Mercedes-Benz, before the war, and Mike Hawthorn, twice for Ferrari. The Sports Car race of seventeen laps was won by Salvadori at Aintree in an Aston-Martin, and Collins and Parnell took second and third places, also in Aston-Martins.



WON BY A BRITISH CHAMPION AND WATCHED BY 150,000: THE START OF THE AINTREE GRAND PRIX—IN FRONT (L. AND R.) MERCEDES-BENZ CARS, DRIVEN BY JUAN FANGIO AND STIRLING MOSS RESPECTIVELY.

The British Grand Prix, one of the first major motoring races to be held since the Le Mans disaster in June, when eighty-two people were killed and many injured, took place at Aintree on July 16. This important race, sponsored by the *Daily Telegraph*, roused unprecedented interest. It was watched by 150,000 spectators, the largest crowd ever assembled for a British motoring event, and the "gate" was greater than the big "gates" of most Continental races, while the arrangements and safety precautions were impeccable. The latter were carefully studied by Continental visitors, who took careful note of them, in the hope

that they will enable some of the cancelled races abroad to be revived. The British Grand Prix of 90 laps was won by the British champion driver, Stirling Moss, in a Mercedes-Benz, in 3 hours 7 mins. 21.2 secs. He beat Juan Fangio, the world champion, also driving a Mercedes-Benz, whose time was 3 hours 7 mins. 21.4 secs. Our photograph shows the competitors in the race roaring off at the start, with the Mercedes-Benz cars, numbered 12 (right) and 10 (left), leading. Fangio is at the wheel of the latter and Stirling Moss of the former. Twenty-four cars, representing Germany, Italy, France and Britain, competed.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

VIOLENT DELIGHTS.

By ALAN DENT.



THE latest film from France, "Rififi," and the latest from Hollywood, "East of Eden," are both peculiarly violent in action, and I came away from both musing somewhat moralisingly on the nature of the delight we undoubtedly—even the most moral of cinema-goers—take in such violent action. Have we any business to be so enjoying ourselves, even as more or less responsible adults?

Let us at least examine the causes of this enjoyment which, in the case of "Rififi" at least, is whole-hearted and huge. The first thing we see is four pairs of hands round a table, then the faces of the four men to whom the hands belong, four men who are playing poker in a squalid room. What mischief can Satan be planning for these idle hands to do? We learn in next to no time. One player drops out because he has no more money, and no one will lend him any. He is the most experienced-looking of the four (Jean Servais), and it is no surprise to us to learn that he has just been released after a five-years term of imprisonment. He is Tony Le-Stéphanois, and his face is cadaverous, sick, sinister. With an angry shrug he leaves the others and goes off to the home of a friend who will lend him money. This is Jo Le-Suëdois (Carl Mohner), a handsome young Scandinavian who looks as though the butter of crime would not melt in his mouth, and whom we see in blissful domesticity smiling at his wife and playing with his only child on a sofa. This little boy, Tonio, is the godson of the visitor, and never had child a less reliable guide in the ways of his future life.

The serene and virtuous-looking Jo has a big idea for improving the future of everybody in a vicious little circle which includes another of the card-players, Mario (Robert Manuel), who is an unlovable rogue with a lecherous under-jaw, and César (Perlo Vita), who is a lean Italian looking like a Borgia in modern clothes. César is the subtlest and cleverest safe-breaker in the world. He has to be brought to Paris from Milan. But this is done in next to no time when he is told—over long-distance telephone—what the

have the patient skill, and the touch of expert genius has come all the way from Milan in the person of the suave César.

But one little touch of greed mars the project's perfection. The last thing César does before mounting on his knotted rope is to steal a diamond ring unknown to the others. This he gives to a light-of-love who has a friend called Grutter, who is the gaol-bird Tony's

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



JULIE HARRIS IN "EAST OF EDEN."

In selecting Miss Julie Harris for his choice, Mr. Dent writes: "For the achievement of pulling together and making something almost coherent and satisfying of the film of 'East of Eden' much praise should go to Julie Harris. She is a young actress who refuses to be groomed into the conventional film-star. She is like Keats's lady in that her hair is long, her foot light, and her eyes wild. She is no less like Meredith's wild thing unwedded in 'Love in the Valley.' She has, in short, a rare lyrical quality, well remembered from her previous film called 'The Member of the Wedding.'"



"THERE IS SOMETHING EXPLOSIVE AND OVER-NEUROTIC IN THE FILM'S TALE OF A RELIGIOUS LETTUCE-FARMER CALLED ADAM AND HIS TWO SONS, CAL AND ARON, WHO MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN CALLED CAIN AND ABEL": (L. TO R.) RAYMOND MASSEY AS THE FATHER, RICHARD DAVALOS AS ARON, JAMES DEAN AS CAL (SITTING), AND HAROLD GORDON AS MR. ALBRECHT, IN A SCENE FROM "EAST OF EDEN." (LONDON PREMIERE, JULY 13, THE WARNER THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.)

money-making project is. It is no less than the cracking of the safe in the notoriously impregnable premises of a famous jeweller near the Place Vendôme. The quartet has exactly twelve hours in which to accomplish this feat, for the shop closes at six in the evening and a florist's shop two yards away receives its first consignment of flowers from Les Halles at six next morning.

We see the precautions and the manipulations in the greatest detail. We learn how a concierge and his wife can be put out of action in a flash, or rather in two flashes. We are instructed in some detail how the strongest ceiling can be penetrated from the apartment overhead. We are given a wise tip, when the first narrow hole has been made, of inserting through it a folded umbrella and then opening the umbrella to catch any fall of plaster. We are then shown how to descend into a strong-room by means of a knotted rope, how to stifle burglar-alarm into silent ineptitude, how to tilt a safe to the very best angle for operation, and how—ultimately and in brief—to crack it. All that is needed is patient skill and a touch of expert genius. Our three deplorable Parisians

worst enemy. Now this Grutter (Robert Hossein) is a long-nosed, long-chinned, long-jacketed schemer who is so frightening that he may be said almost to scare even our safe-breaking pals. He is a cheat, a garotter, a stealer of a man's mistress, and even a liar. With this character and his weak but wicked younger brother and accomplice, the film might come near to the edge of excess and absurdity. But it is kept clear of this because the two are so diabolically well cast. The two Grutters are very jealous of the sensation the robbing has caused and—still more to the point—eager to grab the haul. How and whether they do so would obviously be an improper divulgement here. But it cannot mar anybody's enjoyment if I disclose

that the film ends with a positively Elizabethan or Jacobean number of killings and piling of corpses in and around a macabre and half-built country house near Paris, and that hardly anybody is left alive in the end except Jo's little son, who has been kidnapped and all but brought home again.

Let the nature of our enjoyment wait, or even be overlooked. The immediate point is that this film is immensely and immediately enjoyable. It is most imaginatively and tensely directed by Jules Dassin (who incidentally plays the Italian prince of safe-breakers under another name). The acting is vivid, and the pace is tremendous and brilliantly emphasised by that whole half-hour of patient slowness in the middle when the robbery is being executed. This is a half-hour of silence, broken only by a quiet mallet hitting a cautious chisel, one or two grunts of congratulation, and the still, small noise of steel being bored by instruments equipped with silencers. The flowers are duly delivered at the florist's at 6 a.m. Two policemen come along on two bicycles. . . . But perhaps I am just about to begin to tell too much.

The American film, "East of Eden," is comparatively pretentious in that it examines into the soul-states of its characters instead of letting them just live their more or less violent lives. It is the dramatisation of the second half of what is, I am certain, a very good novel by John Steinbeck. The setting is North California in the significant year, 1917, and the first-rate director is Elia Kazan. But there is something explosive and over-neurotic in the film's tale of a religious lettuce-farmer called Adam and his two sons, Cal and Aron, who might as well have been called Cain and Abel. The latter is good and loving, and the former is what they call a "crazy, mixed-up kid" who discovers that his long-lost mother is not dead at all but the owner of a joyous and irreligious saloon in a neighbouring town. This drunken lady is memorably well played by an actress called Jo van Fleet.

There is, furthermore, a somewhat enigmatic young lady called Abra—surname Cadabra?—who loves Aron but is interested enough in Cal to give him an innocent little kiss which nearly breaks his mother-fixed heart. The point of a violent scene near the end, when Aron goes off to the war against his will, smashes the train-window with his head, and nearly blinds his poor old father with the glass, is of a subtlety beyond my ken. But Mr. Massey has patriarchal dignity, the playing of Cal by a new young actor called James Dean is worth watching though far too much on one note, and the creation of a genuine character out of Abra by Julie Harris is a genuine achievement.

None of these characters win our sympathy to anything like the same extent that those awful people in the French film win our excitement. Why am I unashamed at not liking "East of Eden" very much?



"THE FIRST THING WE SEE IS FOUR PAIRS OF HANDS ROUND A TABLE, THEN THE FACES OF THE FOUR MEN TO WHOM THE HANDS BELONG, FOUR MEN WHO ARE PLAYING POKER IN A SQUALID ROOM." WATCHING THE PLAYERS ARE THE GANGSTERS JO (CARL MOHNER), LEFT, AND TONY (JEAN SERVAYS), SITTING ON THE TABLE. A SCENE FROM "RIFIPI." (LONDON PREMIERE, JUNE 30, THE CURZON CINEMA, MAYFAIR.)

And why am I a little ashamed at so whole-heartedly enjoying myself at "Rififi," at taking sides with a gang of safe-breakers against a gang of swag-stealers who do not draw the line at throat-cutting? As the French themselves would say with a shrug of the shoulders, *c'est plus fort que moi!*

BLUEBIRD ON TRIAL; BATH MURALS; AND A CATHOLIC PROCESSION.



PREPARING FOR HIS ATTEMPT TO SET UP A NEW WORLD WATER SPEED RECORD: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL STREAKING ACROSS LAKE ULLSWATER IN HIS BOAT, *BLUEBIRD*.

At Glenridding, on the shore of Ullswater, months of preparation culminated in the announcement, on July 17, that at last everything was ready for the attempt on the world water speed record, held by the American, Mr. Stanley Sayers. In a series of trial runs, Mr. Donald Campbell achieved high speeds, including a top

speed estimated at 185 m.p.h. This is over six miles per hour faster than the official record of 178.497, but is not, of course, valid, since no authorised timekeepers were present. *Bluebird* has a turbo-jet engine generating 4000 horse-power and weighs 2½ tons. The weather will determine when an attempt can be made.



MARKING THE COURSE ON ULLSWATER OVER WHICH MR. DONALD CAMPBELL PLANS TO MAKE HIS ATTEMPT ON THE WORLD WATER SPEED RECORD. HUGE RUBBER-INFLATED MARKER BUOYS BEING TOWED INTO POSITION TO INDICATE THE MEASURED DISTANCE.



DEPICTING THE CROWNING OF MARY: ONE OF THE FLOATS IN A ROMAN CATHOLIC PROCESSION IN HONOUR OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

The old Italian colony near Hatton Garden, London, was transformed on July 17, when Roman Catholics celebrated the annual procession in honour of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Based on the Italian Church in Clerkenwell, it is probably London's most colourful religious scene. It was attended by Cardinal Griffin.



A ROOM WITH A VIEW: PART OF THE ENORMOUS PANORAMIC WALL-PAINTING COVERING ALL FOUR WALLS OF THE DRAWING-ROOM IN A HOUSE IN BATH.

A remarkable discovery in the drawing-room of a house in Bath was the result of decorators stripping the walls. They found, underneath four layers of wallpaper, an almost complete panoramic mural painting on all four walls. It occupies over 700 sq. ft. of plaster and is still in fairly good condition. Thought to have been painted about 1815, the mural is said to be one of the few examples of this period to have been uncovered, and the most important mural painting discovered in Bath. The name of the artist is unknown. The scene



DISCOVERED BY DECORATORS AFTER THEY HAD REMOVED FOUR LAYERS OF PAPER FROM THE WALLS OF THE ROOM: THE MURAL OCCUPIES OVER 700 SQ. FT. OF PLASTER.

depicts a romantic countryside, probably conceived in the spirit of the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe and Matthew ("Monk") Lewis, with mysterious ruins crowning rocky summits and backgrounds of dark mountains and shadowy trees. A trustee of Bath Preservation Trust said that the only other known example of mural painting in Bath was found in Lansdown Terrace; this was a group of panels, attributed to Barker illustrating landscape, but it was not in the same panoramic form as the discovery at Grosvenor Place.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

CHANGING SEASONS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is now well over four decades since critics turned upon the late Oscar Asche and rent him for having dared to set "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in a snowscape. Asche, who loved that kind of thing, covered his stage with salt to a depth of four inches; his cast wore gloves and mufflers; Windsor, indoors, blazed with wood fires. Icicles hung by the wall, Marian's nose was red and raw, and so on. Harmless enough; but no wind could have been sharper than man's ingratitude. Instead of thanking Asche for his lively restoration, people warned him sternly not to tinker with "The Merry Wives," a play of the spring and early summer. He did not repeat his deep-freeze; but when next he produced the farce, it was in modern dress (one scene on Boat Race day) and the reception was even angrier. This time, perhaps, with reason.

No wonder, then, that his last "Merry Wives" was as straightforward as it could be. I went to the Winter Garden Theatre, during one of the final rehearsals, to speak to Sir Frank Benson, who was playing Doctor Caius; and I shall always recall the affection in Asche's voice as, before running through the duel scene, he called across to Benson, "Come on, you fighter!" Benson, some forty years earlier, had been Asche's first manager. Now the beloved "Pa" was acting his last part in London, and under his old student's direction.

That has taken me from the point which is, simply, Glen Byam Shaw's choice of a winter scene for the newest Stratford-upon-Avon revival of "The Merry Wives." There is bound to be argument about it. "Motley," the designers, have seen the play as a Christmas-card, framed in a permanent pie-frill border. Within this there are some inventively-managed sliding sets, snow-sparkling exteriors, interiors neatly-planned, and—on two occasions—full stage panoramas: one of Windsor by day, under snow, and the other of the town glimmering on a winter's night, viewed from the forest where Falstaff is mocked by the "fairies" at Herne's Oak.

All of this has a gentle toy-theatre charm, more Flemish, perhaps (Brueghel the inspiration), or Tyrolean in mood than English late-Tudor. The personages of the play wear mufflers and furs (Falstaff has a sheepskin). Their noses glow; so do the Windsor fires. It is indeed the December comedy—though less determinedly so—for which Asche was once condemned; and, whatever we may feel, the setting has some textual authority.

Consider the references to a "country fire" and to a sea-coal fire, to coursing, and to a "raw, rheumatic day." Remember (a small point) Falstaff's reference to having his brains taken out and buttered and given to a dog for a "New Year's gift." Remember, too—and more important—Mistress Page's tale that

Herne, the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in
Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at
still midnight,
Walk round about an oak...

There are other passing references, enough, anyway, to prove that Glen Byam Shaw, like Oscar Asche, has his reasons. I do not think the setting matters much if the play keeps its spring mood in performance, if, as it should, it "smells April and May." Shakespeare, so the tradition goes, was writing in a great hurry. Let us presume that his comedy, though holding all the freshness of spring, was set instinctively in the season during which a hard-pressed dramatist was at work.

It is a likeably broad romp, almost a pack of charades. The characters are roughed-out, and the names of, say, Falstaff and Shallow are misleading. They are not the great knight of "Henry the Fourth" and the endearing forked-radish Gloucestershire justice of the same play. Shakespeare



(L. TO R.) BETTY PAUL AS YVETTE LEROUX, DENIS QUILLEY AS GEOFF MORRIS AND COLIN GORDON AS SEYMOUR VERITY, IN A SCENE FROM LAURIER LISTER'S NEW MUSICAL PRODUCTION "WILD THYME," WHICH OPENED AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE ON JULY 14.



"IN 'THE SHADOW OF DOUBT' (SAVILLE) WE APPEAR AT FIRST TO BE, EMOTIONALLY, IN DEEP WINTER. I AM HAPPY TO SAY THAT THE SEASON CHANGES. THIS PLAY, BY NORMAN KING, IS A MOVING AND CREDIBLE DRAMA ABOUT THE CONSCIENCE OF A SCIENTIST." IN THIS SCENE FROM THE PLAY ARE (L. TO R.) PATRICK BARR AS FRANK, JOHN CLEMENTS AS ARTHUR, THE SCIENTIST, AND JANE BAXTER AS LAURA, HIS WIFE.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE SHADOW OF DOUBT" (Saville).—This is a new English play of substance, a study in the psychology of a scientist, a study in loyalties, and a theatrical drama into the bargain. It is not to be dismissed lightly. John Clements and Jane Baxter act it with suitable intensity and persuasiveness, and, with such people as Raymond Huntley and Patrick Barr in the cast, it is a play well fitted. I doubt whether the dramatist, Norman King, will ever be much good at cynical chatter-comedy, but he has not yet ventured in that vein. Better by far if, discarding some of the clichés that haunt him, he can continue in the mood of "The Shadow of Doubt." (July 7.)

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—"Good husband," says Mistress Page, "let us every one go home, and laugh this sport o'er by a country fire." And, watching them at Stratford, we know that they will return indeed, crunching through the snow, to the good sea-coal fires of Windsor. This is a winter-season "Merry Wives": the play, brisk gambol, has the accustomed spring fever, but Glen Byam Shaw and his designers, Motley, have amusingly (and legitimately) decorated it as a Christmas-card. It is acted with spirit by Anthony Quayle as Falstaff-in-love, Joyce Redman and Angela Baddeley as the wives, and William Devlin as a happily-detailed Parson Hugh. A pity that we have to lose his Quarto line, "I will also dance and eat plums at your weddings." (July 12.)

may have meant them to be the same people, but they are quite different. Falstaff of the Garter lacks the prized wit of Falstaff of the Boar's Head; he is a mere butt of the Windsor wives, a pretender to a famous throne. Still, he fills his room in a roaring farce; this one has duly roared through the years.

At Stratford it comes off fairly well, though we may remember it less for its performance than for the snow-glitter of its setting, the sense of a crisp winter. Anthony Quayle's Falstaff is externally the man, even if I doubt whether we can say, with Shallow, "'tis the heart... 'tis here, 'tis here." The core of the farce, agreed; but I am not wholly persuaded that Falstaff's heart beats behind Mr. Quayle's elaborate façade. Nevertheless, the performance is expert technically; Mr. Quayle could pass an examination in the working of Falstaff's mind. The trouble is that he cannot assure us, as Roy Byford used to without speaking, that he is indeed the fat knight; the actor gets in the way.

The merry wives themselves—and let us be grateful for it—are merry without too much forcing, without coy gurgling and how-funny-we-are antics. Joyce Redman, with her Irish accent (Ford clearly married into the O'Caseys), is one wife, Angela Baddeley the other. For me the gayest performance is William Devlin's Hugh Evans. Mr. Devlin is a grand Shakespearean actor; he is wasted on small parts in the Stratford season. At Windsor his Hugh Evans is not a waste. I have never known the Frogmore preliminaries to be filled out more amusingly (Evans is for once a vocalist), and we have, too, a chance of seeing and hearing the sweet man as he examines William's Latin in a Windsor street.

The rest of the production is useful without being much more. Michael Denison touches off a Caius who does not merely fizz into a void; he is a likeable splutterer. Keith Michell could develop his Ford: this is a matter-of-course performance of Shakespeare's comic counterpart to Leontes. (I recalled Randle Ayrtton as he tore his hair, Ernest Milton, with the sallies and retires of the bag of gold, and Alec Clunes's detachable moustache.) Never mind. The farce is carried through briskly enough to make an audience feel that in Windsor it is, at one and the same time, spring, early summer and winter in snowball-season. Again, let us beware of criticising Glen Byam Shaw for being capricious without any textual basis. There is warrant in the play, though—for the sake of tradition—we may wish to close our eyes to it.

In "The Shadow of Doubt" (Saville), we appear at first to be, emotionally, in deep winter. I am happy to say that the season changes. This play, by Norman King, is a moving and credible drama about the conscience of a scientist. Years ago I remember seeing, at a tiny club theatre, an earlier play by Mr. King with a similar quality of tension. His new piece concerns the dilemma of a distinguished nuclear physicist who has served a term of imprisonment for betraying a secret to a foreign Power. In spite of some melodramatics, and its occasional

run of clichés, I found myself impressed and excited. John Clements has chosen wisely in bringing this up as his first play at the Saville.

As a dramatist Mr. King is more welcome than the brittle-smart comedy men. He has something to write about, and he writes parts that can be acted. At the première, Mr. Clements and Jane Baxter as his wife, both in emotional drive, and Raymond Huntley—as one of the more alarming members of M.I.5—kept most of us absorbed. We were glad when at length, in the ironbound winter, there seemed to be a glint of spring new-born.

HUMAN ENDEAVOUR—SUCCESS AND FAILURE, AND THE ANIMAL WORLD.



TWO WHITE FAWNS, BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST OF THEIR KIND IN SCOTLAND, RUNNING AFTER THE DOES, THEIR MOTHERS, ON THE ESTATE OF LIEUT.-COLONEL D. G. MONCRIEFF OF KINMOUTH, RHYND, PERTHSHIRE.



EXAMINING ONE OF THE GLASS "TELL-TALES" IN THE CHOIR VAULT OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, WHERE EXTENSIVE REPAIR AND RESTORATION WORK IS IN PROGRESS. The glass "tell-tale" shown is a strip of glass 8 ins. by 2 ins. which is one of many wedged beneath the roof and the ceiling of the Choir of Gloucester Cathedral. At any movement of the roof the glass shatters and reveals the point of stress and danger.



ONE OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S MIDGET SUBMARINES OF THE SHRIMP CLASS: H.M.S. STICKLEBACK, LAUNCHED LAST YEAR AND FORMERLY DESIGNATED X 51. The Royal Navy's midget submarines are now named after the smaller denizens of the waters. The former X 51 is named *Stickleback* and her sister craft are *Shrimp*, *Sprat* and *Minnow*. They carry a complement of five, and are propelled by Diesel and electric machinery.



A HELICOPTER CRASH ON A NEW YORK BUILDING: THE WRECKED MACHINE BEING SECURED BY FIREMEN TO PREVENT IT FALLING ON NINTH AVENUE. (See below, right.)



WASHED ASHORE AT SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA: AN OAR FISH, THE SOURCE OF MANY SEA-SERPENT TALES. An oar fish, about 18 ft. long (part of its tail was missing), washed ashore at Sydney stimulated talk of sea-serpents. The undulating, almost snake-like movement of this great fish (it sometimes exceeds 20 ft. in length) through the surface waters of the ocean has doubtless been the origin of many sea-serpent stories.



AFTER GIVING OUT TITLE DEEDS TO EGYPTIAN PEASANTS WHO HAVE BECOME LAND-OWNERS UNDER THE NEW AGRARIAN REFORM LAW: COLONEL NASSER. The Egyptian Prime Minister, Colonel Nasser, gave out title deeds to peasants in Upper Egypt who have become landowners under the new Agrarian Reform law, and, as our photograph shows, was enthusiastically greeted by the large crowd.



THE HELICOPTER WRECKAGE ON THE ROOF OF NEW YORK AUTHORITY'S BUILDING: FIREMEN WERE ABLE TO EXTINGUISH THE FIRE AND SECURE THE WRECKAGE. On July 13 a helicopter of the New York Port Authority fell and burst into flames when it was about to land on the roof of the sixteen-storey building of the Authority. Firemen subdued the blaze and secured the wreckage. Both occupants—the pilot and a photographer—were badly injured.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is natural to feel curious about the prentice work of a great writer—or, to avoid argument, an acclaimed writer. There is also a natural impulse to think well of it. "Young Törless," by Robert Musil (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), though written in the author's twenty-third year, presents itself under theegis of "The Man Without Qualities," and of his subsequent reputation as "the Austrian Proust." And in a sense it meets the admirer half-way. This is by no means anyone's debut. It has singularity and power; being very short, it is less tiresome as a story than "The Man Without Qualities"; and its defects are such as the *Zeitgeist* has lost courage to make a fuss about. In spite of which, I doubt if it would ever have reached us under its own steam; and as for speaking well of it—I must resign the task to Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, who has contributed a foreword. He begins by warning us that "Young Törless" is "a most alarming book."

For it is very much more than it at first appears—a pungent and corrosive school story. Musil has managed, with the sure touch of genius, to construct a parable on the subject of power, and above all on the misuse of power. . . . The boys . . . are slaves of a military ritual inside the school, and much of their free time is spent in a secret attic—the kind of hide-out which appeals to a Germanic love of the mysterious, and a torture-chamber as well. . . . There are two main themes in the book: one, a painful process of self-discovery, and the other a brutal narration of bullying. It must not be thought, however, that Musil uses either of these themes complacently. . . . On the contrary, what strikes powerfully home is his rare detachment. . . . Musil himself is totally aloof from the action of his personages. . . .

Nevertheless, the book is written "in a sweat of terror." . . . This appears somewhat contradictory; and one may ask whether a "rare detachment" from the howls of the torture-chamber is either laudable in itself, or compatible with the author's alleged spirit of "liberal humanism." Frankly, I can't detect this humanism. I can't even agree about the school. Its boys may be enslaved to military ritual—all we learn here is that they can absent themselves from class for hours at a time, and spend whole nights up in the attic with a screaming victim. Musil is certainly "detached" from this victim; but he is tenderly identified with the hero, a budding intellectual aesthete who will be a "man without qualities" when he grows up. Meanwhile, he goes about with a pair of sinister young brutes, and abets their torture of a classmate out of metaphysical curiosity. Like them, he is also involved sexually; but he despises them in his heart, and secedes from the conspiracy when (from his angle) "there is nothing more to be got out of it." In short, a nasty piece of work—without a moment's compunction for the underdog from start to finish. The "sweat of terror" is exclusively on his own behalf. Yet he has the author's equally exclusive sympathy: a fact which, from the vulgar point of view, outweighs the subtlest analysis of adolescent *Sturm und Drang* in a superior mind.

OTHER FICTION.

"Violent Saturday," by W. L. Heath (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), is a truly American first novel: American in fact, ultra-American in pattern, and even more American in virtuosity. No other country seems to produce writers expert from the word go. The scheme itself may be thought commonplace; it coincides with the presence of three strangers in the little town of Morgan, Alabama, with a view to bank robbery. They arrive on Friday afternoon; and from that moment to zero-hour—2.55 on Saturday—we are intermittently in contact with everyone who has crossed their path, or is about to be affected by them; while in between, we hear them discussing the coup and picking on each other's habits. But on the eve of the attempt, no one thinks twice about them except Sugarfoot, the negro bellhop—who is assuring himself desperately that they must be "some kinda Law." Meanwhile, the golden Fairchilds are at another drunken party. Miss Elsie Cotter, pitiful remnant of the Morgan family, is in the throes of stealing by finding—a thing no Morgan would ever do. Respectable Harry Reeves of the bank is in his peeping-Tom disguise, feeding his terrible obsession with the new nurse. Young Shelley Martin, of the Fairchild Chenille Company, sits peacefully at home, planning a fishing trip for next day. . . .

The portrait of a small town, the scraps of conversation and soliloquy, are brilliantly executed; so is the following day's drama. But what gives the book a third dimension is its tone. This has a quiet, humane, but rooted hopelessness. This tinge of gloom does not conflict with the excitement, but prevents it from being dull.

"The Dutch House," by Susan Gillespie (Geoffrey Bles; 9s. 6d.), has a reassuring kindness; it is a nice book, in the English style. Though nice young Henry Williamson comes from America—to visit an adored brother's grave, and meet the English family he used to write home about. It is ten years since Mark, the hero-pilot, was killed in an air crash, therefore "Miss Mowbray" can't be young. But Henry expects her to be wonderful, and has an inkling that her milieu may be rather grand. Still, he had imagined nothing like the Dutch House, or Ana's radiance and sweetness. Though there is one big shock: her sister Tattie is a Communist, and nothing said! While he is getting used to this, the Dutch House family are trying to shield him from the truth about Mark; and Ana, with her fatal gift of beauty and her loving heart, is breaking it over the Polish manservant. There is a crisis in both affairs, and a return of joy—mixed with a "sensible soft melancholy." Very appealing.

"The Murders at Crossby," by Edward Frankland (Dent; 12s. 6d.), stages its crime among Norse settlers in Westmorland in the tenth century. Thora, the heiress of Crossby, has been married off to Halvor, one of three brothers at Ulfartun. She is a beauty and a slutish housekeeper; Halvor, whom she despises, is a blustering wrong-headed oaf. But none of the Ulfssons are worth much; and at least Halvor is more fool than villain. One day, he strikes Thora in public—and the drama is unleashed. It is a lively well-informed story, with local colour and convincing subjects of dispute, in a frame of Norse law and morality. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

M.I.5 AT WORK; THE TRUE SHAKESPEARE; AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

"CLOAK WITHOUT DAGGER," by Sir Percy Sillitoe, with a foreword by Mr. Attlee (Cassell; 15s.), has, in the words of the rather curious publisher's "blurb," the statement that he (Sir Percy) "had never in his wildest day-dreams visualised himself at the head of the Secret Service." Sir Percy, who appears as a thorough, sound, and unusually imaginative policeman, is himself at pains to point out that the activities of M.I.5 have been over-publicised. Certainly they have been over-publicised if the head of it is described as the "head of the Secret Service." M.I.5 is the principal counter-espionage agency in this country, with links which some in a position to judge consider not sufficiently close with the Special Branch of Scotland Yard, but in no circumstances can it claim to be "the Secret Service," which is something quite different, and which covers all the M.I.s, N.I.s, A.I.s, and the larger interests envisaged by the Foreign Office. M.I.5, this admirable, if restricted, organisation, is described by Sir Percy, who had by that time, according to his own description, become almost a professional in appearing before selection committees for the post of Chief Constable, as a group of "somewhat introspective individuals, who gave me an initial impression that they were working in a rather withdrawn isolation, each concentrating on his own especial problem." Whether a policeman, however able, is the best choice for a post where he has inevitably to deal with such individuals, is an open question. Sir Percy has spent almost the whole of his life in police work—in South Africa and the colonies, in Sheffield, where he broke the gangs, in Glasgow, where he coped with an even more formidable job of the same character, and in Kent during the war, where one of his more delicate tasks was to investigate the disappearance of the tropical fish at Chartwell which Sir Winston had wished to send for breeding purposes to his friend the late President Roosevelt. The story he tells, particularly of Glasgow, where he found a police force almost as intimidated by the gangs as were the public, is a fascinating one. Incidentally, while on the subject of Glasgow, I was most interested by two things. I suppose, like any general reader of the newspapers, I had always had the impression that the drink "Red Biddy," which is largely methylated spirits, was the curse of Scotland and accounted for innumerable deaths in the slums of Glasgow. Sir Percy writes: "There has been a great deal of talk about Glasgow's methylated spirits drinkers, and we made about ten arrests every week. But I was assured by the Glasgow police surgeons that, for anyone who can stand the taste of it, methylated spirits is probably a healthier drink than whisky. For the record, it consists of pure alcohol, with a dash of boric acid and castor oil, and it is drunk mixed with ginger-ale or cheap red wine."

I must inform the potential reader of this interesting book that very little of it deals with his service as Director-General of M.I.5. It is clear that in the nature of things Sir Percy could not reveal anything about his work which would be of interest to the general reader. Therefore, while the few pages he gives to such cases as those of Klaus Fuchs (which he tells with the same compassion, incidentally, as that of the repentant gang boss in Sheffield) are of interest, there is very little in them which has not already appeared in public print. As the editors of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies—published according to the True Originall Copies," prepared by Helge Kökeritz and Charles Tyler Prouty (Yale University Press and Oxford University Press; 84s.), so rightly say: "The King James Bible and the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays are the two greatest books in the cultural history of the English-speaking peoples. They were published within a comparatively short time of one another: the Bible in 1611 and the Folio in 1623, and thus represent the flowering of literature in the ages of Queen Elizabeth and King James." The First Folio, which includes what one may take as the original text of seventeen of Shakespeare's plays, is the result of the "pious labour" of John Heminge and Henry Condell, Shakespeare's friends who gathered together and printed this collection. Indeed, but for their efforts it is possible that five of his greatest plays—"The Tempest," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar" and "Macbeth," together with "Antony and Cleopatra" (which, in spite of the considered views of those whose judgment I value, I do not place in the first rank) might have been lost to posterity. This beautiful volume is a facsimile (the first to be published since 1910) of the Huth copy, which now belongs to the famous Elizabethan Club at Yale.

I suppose the two greatest Americans without a doubt were George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Carl Sandburg in "Abraham Lincoln" (Cape; 45s.) has done a notable service to students of American history and to the cause of Anglo-American understanding. Mr. Sandburg, who has made a life study of the great President, was already well known for his six-volume life of Lincoln. He has reduced this monumental work to a single volume, albeit of more than 700 pages. The picture which emerges of Lincoln, whether as a young legislator fighting his way to the top, or as a war-leader in defeat or victory, is one both compelling and attractive. The publishers claim for Mr. Sandburg's "Lincoln" that it is the definitive life, and I can well believe it. A most important book.

Another work of considerable value is volumes V. and VI. of the late Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman's biography of "George Washington" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 37s. 6d. each). Dr. Freeman, unfortunately, died before he had covered the whole of the life of the great American patriot. Even so, these six volumes represent one of the closest studies of Washington ever written. Volume V. deals with the earlier stages of the war, and with the decisive help given by France. It is curious to reflect that but for French moral and military aid the revolt of the Colonies might never have succeeded. Volume VI. deals with the years from 1784-93, when the soldier-statesman made every effort to retire to Mount Vernon, only to find that the plough was snatched from the hand of Cincinnatus by the difficulties in which the new State found itself, and by the fact that it possessed no other leader of a calibre equal to that of Washington. Like Mr. Sandburg's life of Lincoln, these two volumes are of the utmost importance to students of Anglo-American history. F. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHAT an amazing vocabulary has developed from games, over the last half-century or so! "Net-cord," "boring-in," "third base," "gully," "wing three-quarter," "chukker," "long jenny," "squeeze," "spinning fly," "sticks!"—if you can define all these accurately, without developing a puzzled frown, then you should have concentrated more on your career.

The stock jargon of chess is familiar to most; without words and phrases like "stalemate," "gambit," "a pawn in the game" to play with, our politicians might have to think up some more original metaphors—and commit themselves to more exact statements in their nebulous business of leading the people from behind.

At a chess congress, however, a layman would find these stock phrases merely the first infantile murmurings in the jargon of the game. To my "Easy Guide to Chess" some years ago, I appended a glossary of the most commonly-used terms in chess chat. It contained 312 entries, ranging from "B.C.F." to "Break-through"; from "Sitzfleisch" to "Switch-back." Nor did I attempt to be exhaustive—that would have over-loaded the book and gone beyond its purpose, which was to supply beginners with a "Basic Chess" vocabulary.

Among named opening variations alone, I didn't bother about the "Max Lange," the "Cunningham Gambit," the "Saragossa," the "Zürich Variation," the "Meran," the "Fegatello," the "Mac-Lopez"—that deliciously-coined title for the variation of the Ruy Lopez which resembles the Scotch Game—and, indeed, a good zoo names for special openings which are so far from being mere flippancies that in an hour's intense debate among enthusiasts, any of these might be used: seriously employed, at once understood and so useful that to attempt deliberately to avoid them would mean quite a troublesome explanation.

Among enthusiasts, indeed, the jargon of chess is almost an international language which, whilst they are on their favourite subject, can serve as a sort of Esperanto. I have seen two players, by muttering internationally-uniform chess terms and pointing here and there on the board, analysing together for considerable periods, though they could not understand a word of each other's language.

In this field, as in many others, we Englishmen stand a little apart from the Continentals. What we call Petroff's Defence, the whole Continent calls the "Russian" opening; our "Ruy Lopez" is simply the "Spanish" opening everywhere from Moscow to—even—Ruy Lopez's home town, Madrid. When a player loses rook for knight or bishop, we say he has "lost the exchange." A poor phrase but distinctly our own, for, throughout the non-English-speaking world, all other chess players describe the process as losing the "quality" (i.e., the equivalent, whether it be the Russian's "kachestvo" or the Spaniard's "calidad").

One Continental word, however, we have "fallen for": one of the ugliest words in the German language: "Zugzwang." "Zug" means a move; "Zwang" means "compulsion," so Zugzwang means move-compulsion. It is applied to the highly-significant situation where the fact that he must make a move leads directly to a player's undoing. His position may be perfectly safe as it stands; if it were his opponent's turn to move he might draw or win, but having to move himself, he is forced to weaken his position fatally. Such a situation occurs, perhaps, in one master-game in twenty. When it comes, it certainly is striking.

"Zugzwang" is an extremely common word in the chess vocabulary. Objectors have attempted to substitute something less explosive. They have described the sufferer as "move-bound" . . . In firm, decided tones which tacitly challenged anybody to use any less sweetly Anglo-Saxon phrase at their peril. And some excited youth, coming up and glancing at the position, has ejaculated: "Good Heavens, he's zugged!"

attractive. The publishers claim for Mr. Sandburg's "Lincoln" that it is the definitive life, and I can well believe it. A most important book.

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BIRDS AS FRIENDS: SCENES AT A HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF A GERMAN FOREST.



HOVERING IN THE AIR WITH HIS WINGS EXTENDED: SCHNICK, THE COCK ROBIN, WHO SEEMS TO ENJOY BEING PHOTOGRAPHED AND EVEN TO CO-OPERATE.

TAKING A MEALWORM FROM A PAIR OF TWEEZERS: A COCK ROBIN IN FLIGHT. THIS BIRD NOW COMPLETELY DISREGARDS THE CAMERA AND FLASHLIGHT.

A TINY BUT DARING BIRD: A MARSH TIT CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA AS IT WAS ABOUT TO SEIZE A PROFFERED MEALWORM FROM THE TWEEZERS.



THE HOME WHICH HAS BECOME A BIRD SANCTUARY IN THE EIFEL MOUNTAINS: A 300-YEAR-OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.



FEEDING ON THE WING: A TAME MARSH TIT WHICH, WHEN IT HAD YOUNG, ONCE MADE TWENTY-SIX FLIGHTS TO COLLECT MEALWORMS.



RESTING ON A HAWTHORN BUSH NOT FAR FROM HIS NEST: THE MARSH TIT WHICH BECAME SO TAME THAT HE HAD NO FEAR OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



WITH HIS WINGS AND TAIL WIDELY FANNED: THE MARSH TIT APPROACHED THE MEALWORM FROM SUCH DIFFERENT ANGLES THAT HE WAS MORE DIFFICULT TO PHOTOGRAPH THAN THE ROBIN.



MAKING AN EARLY ATTEMPT TO FLY: A YOUNG BLACK-BIRD WHICH WAS RESCUED AS A BABY AND BECAME EXTREMELY TAME AND FLEW ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

These fascinating photographs of so-called "wild" birds in flight were taken by Hr. Julius Eigner, who by a lucky chance found, and now lives in, a 300-year-old house on the edge of the forest in the Eifel Mountains, in the west of Germany. One of his best and most unexpected delights has been his growing friendship with the birds which are his nearest neighbours. They have the freedom of the house, and the Great Tits bring their young with them and perch on the furniture, on the dining-room table and even, Hr. Eigner adds, "on the pudding"! They have complete confidence in Hr. Eigner and his family and betray absolutely no fear in their presence, so that now Hr. Eigner can interpret from their behaviour much of what is going on in the birds' lives. For instance, when Schnick, the cock robin, took a mealworm from Hr. Eigner's hand and then

bowed and waited for another, until finally, with three in his beak, he flew off, it was taken as an announcement that the robin's wife was sitting and he was busy feeding her. About a fortnight later, when he ate from the breakfast table and flew off without anything, Hr. Eigner knew that the chicks were hatched and the hen robin was now taking care of herself. A few days later he started taking bits of cheese and cake until finally he appeared one day with his five fledglings. This robin is greatly attached to Hr. Eigner, who often finds him sitting next to his bed at five o'clock in the morning, preening himself and drinking water out of a glass. Lena, the Great Tit, is another favourite friend, but she shuns the camera which the robin seems to enjoy. The photographs on this page were taken by Hr. Eigner with a speed-flash of 1:1000th of a second.



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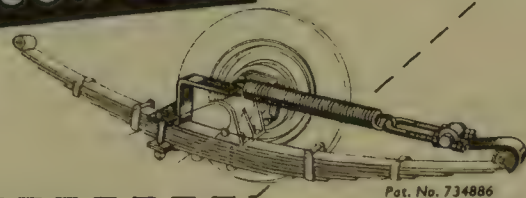
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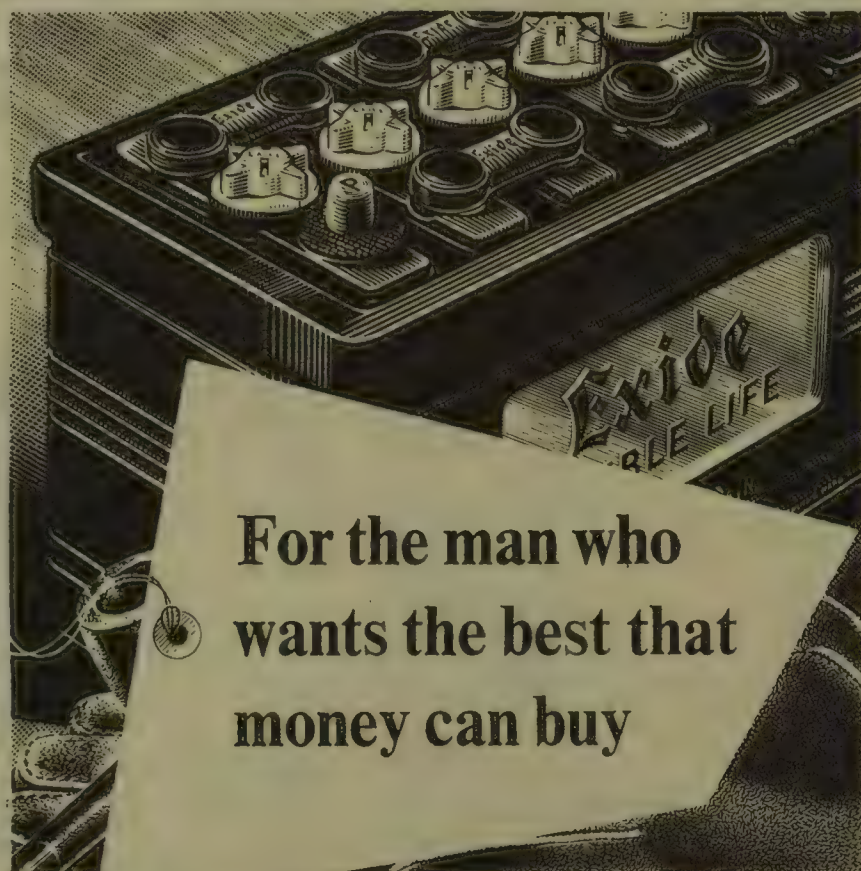
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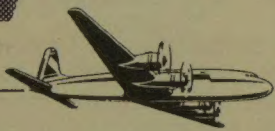
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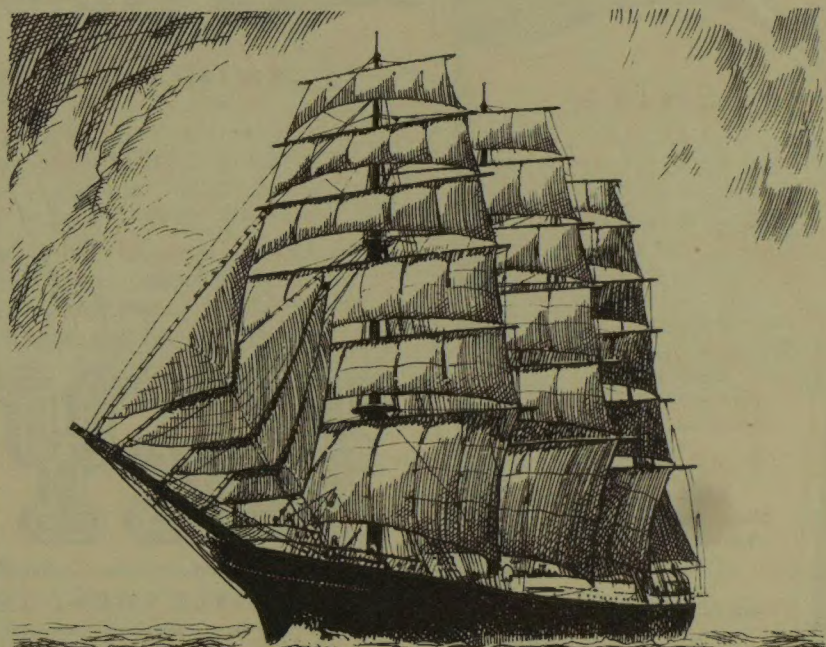
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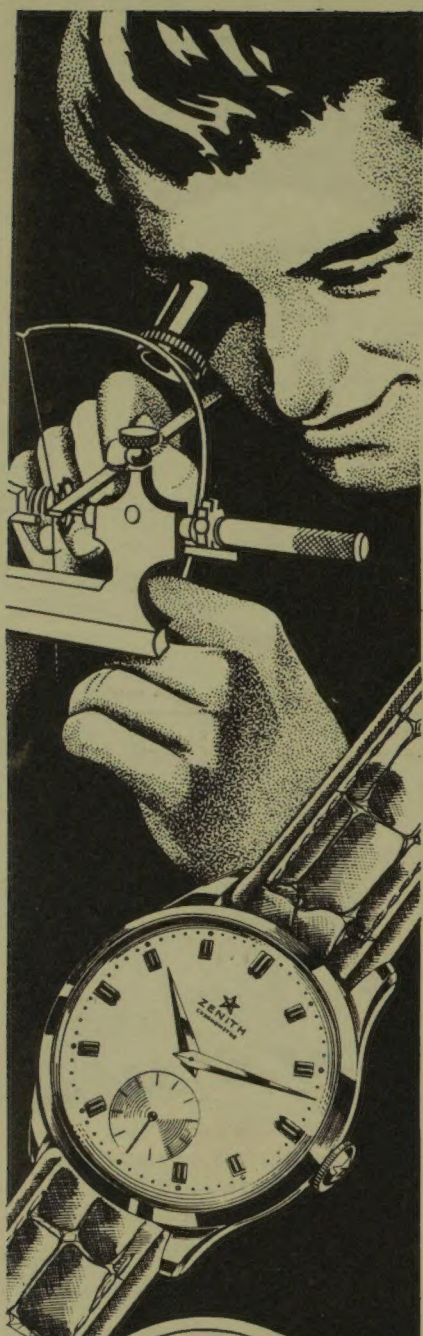


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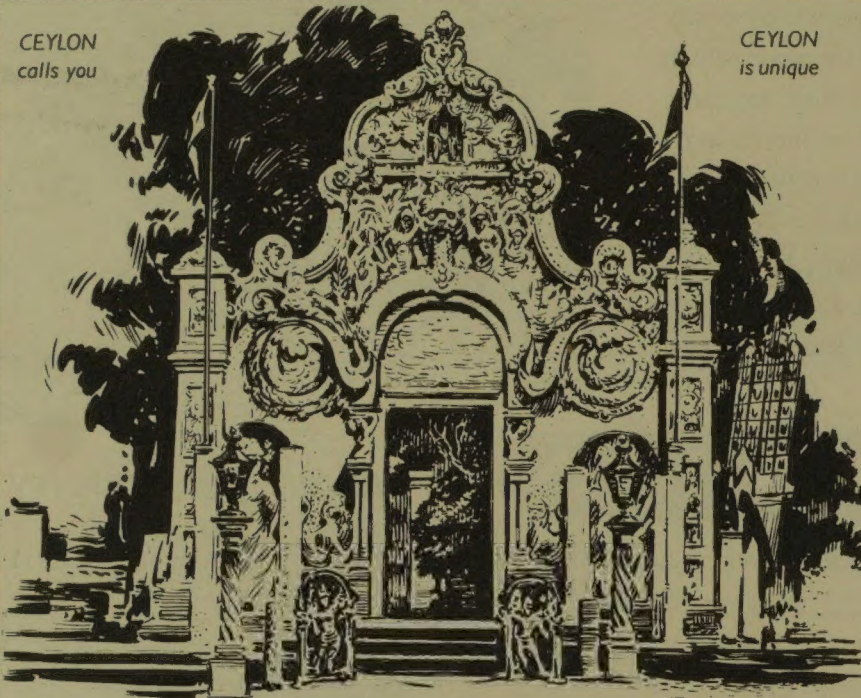
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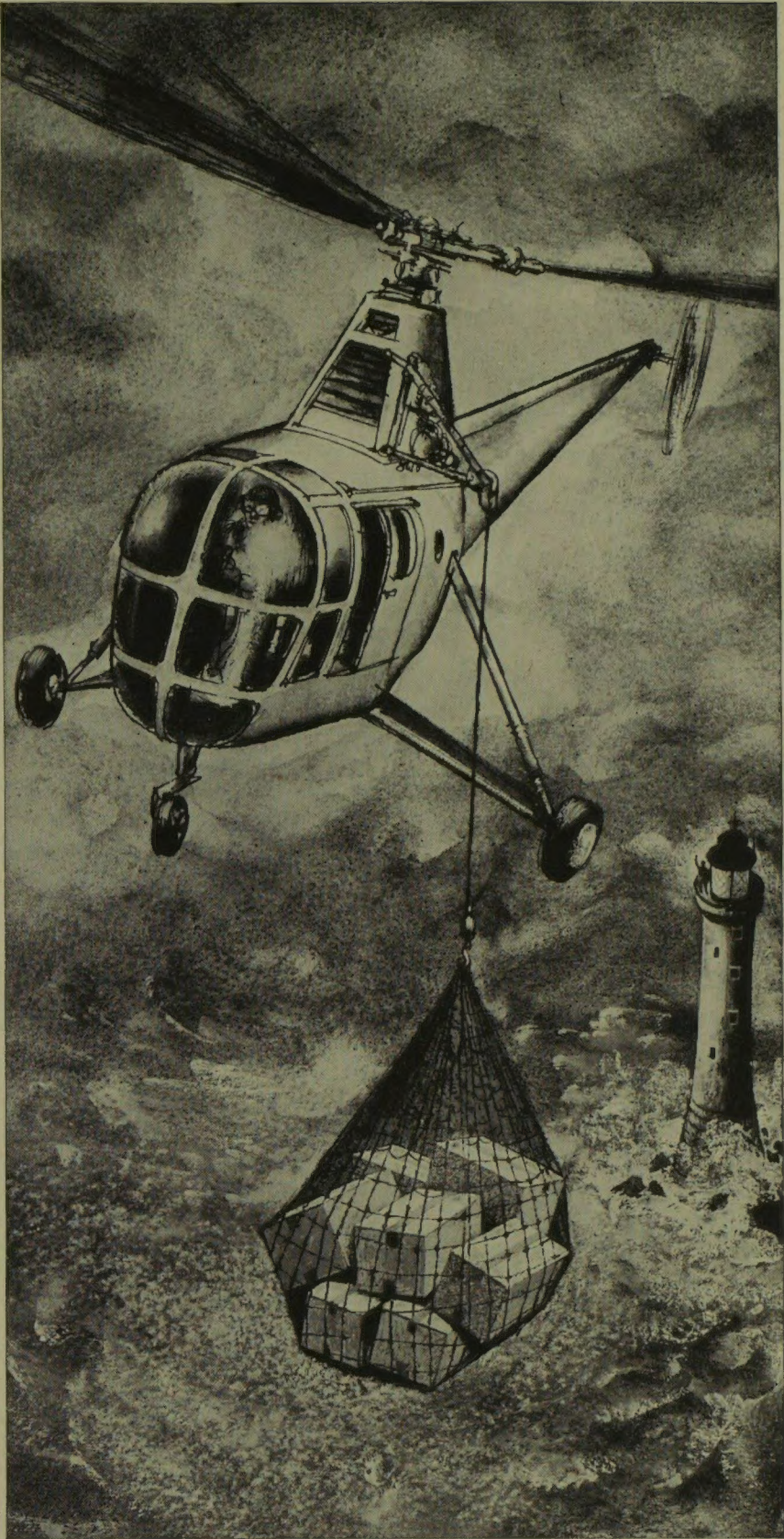
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